

ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO GWALIOR FORT

DEPARTED GLORY

THE DESERTED CITIES OF INDIA

By

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With sixteen photographs

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To
MY WIFE
FELLOW-TRAVELLER ON VISITS TO
THESE CITIES

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PREFACE

SCATTERED over India are the ruins of cities, which, in the past, have played an important part in the history of the nation. In the days of their splendour, imposing buildings of great architectural merit were evidence of the wealth and skill expended on them by the rulers. To-day, these cities lie asleep, never to awake.

In some of the cities the records have been laid bare by the spades of excavators, their treasures in precious stones, jewellery and pottery being interpreted by skilful archaeologists to give us a picture of the distant past, of which we have few or no records. The story of the discovery and excavation of the ancient cities of Mohenjo-Daro and Taxila have been briefly told in the early chapters. Supplementary researches to those of the Government of India in this district have been carried out by the Expedition of the American School of Indic and Iranian Studies, resulting in important discoveries on the site of the city of Chanhudaro, hitherto unexplored. The work here confirms the conclusions of earlier research, that five thousand years ago this part of India possessed a high degree of civilization.

‘There is no doubt that the sanitary system of the ancient Indus cities surpasses any other of contemporary date, and it is quite safe to say that it was superior to that in many modern oriental cities, which civilization seems barely to touch.’

In other cities, now deserted, and given over to the jungle, stately ruins speak of the noble scale on which the buildings were planned. There are, however, few buildings remaining of those occupied by the common people, which points to the fact that wealth and labour were spent only on the palaces of the great and on the temples of their faith.

Why were these cities deserted and their majestic buildings allowed to fall into ruin? Some were destroyed by the

PREFACE

marauding armies which swept away both buildings and people; some were deserted because of some whim of the ruler; others, having proved unfit for habitation or inconvenient for government, were transferred to a more suitable location.

Owing to long neglect many of the finest buildings can never be restored or the extensive areas again made habitable. Largely as the result of the keen interest shown by Lord Curzon, when Viceroy of India, in the preservation of the memorials of India's great past, the Government of India and the rulers of the Indian States have taken steps to retrieve, in a measure, some of these waste places, and to prevent further dilapidation of the buildings, and have thus placed all lovers of India under a deep obligation.

Valuable reports (some available to the public in brochures) of their work in these cities enable us to see their contribution to this effort to preserve what time and neglect have spared. So far as the writer is aware, no previous book has dealt with this subject as a whole. For accounts of the glories of these places in the height of their fame, he is indebted to the descriptions given by European and Asiatic travellers who placed on record their observations.

Thanks are offered to the Government of India for the use of three photographs illustrating the excavations at Mandu, Taxila, and Sanchi. The other photographs were taken by the author.

A. R. SLATER.

TAUNTON,
January, 1937.

I

BUDDHIST PERIOD

MOHENJO-DARO

CITY OF THE DEAD

THE discovery and excavation of the ruins of the deserted city of Mohenjo-Daro, which is situated in the district now known as Sind, in the valley of the Indus, have forced historians to modify considerably their ideas of the ancient civilization of India, throwing it back to a much earlier date than had generally been accepted. 'Until quite recently,' says one of the writers on this place, 'India's wonderful and varied history seemed to spring straight out of nothingness. About fifteen centuries before our era, the Aryans arrived out of the North and overran a country that we have vaguely pictured as already peopled, but of whose stone age and pre-history we knew practically nothing. This lack of knowledge has led to some misconceptions. The descendants of the Aryans have assumed, for want of evidence to the contrary, that the civilization of India is entirely theirs. Archaeologists have generally taken it for granted that there were none but wild, uncultivated peoples in India, during the long ages when the great civilizations of Egypt and Sumer, of Crete and Asia Minor were already well advanced.'

But the results of the excavations made in recent years under the supervision of Sir John Marshall, Director-General of the Archaeological Survey of India, have changed our whole perspective, and we have now to envisage a highly advanced people, belonging to a hitherto unknown civilization which existed some 5,000 years ago. These people built large cities of well burnt brick, laid in mud mortar at a time when metal was just beginning to be used instead of stone for implements, and tools of copper for domestic purposes. Between the time of the destruction of this ancient civilization and the advent of the Aryans into India, is a long period which is, up to the present, practically closed to us. But it is believed that the

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further excavation of this city will add considerably to our knowledge.

In the East, when buildings fall into ruin, the people do not trouble to remove the debris. The ruins are levelled and another structure is built above them. If the old walls remain they may be incorporated into the new building. This method was followed in the distant past, for the excavations of Mohenjo-Daro show that several cities have been built on the same site, the uppermost layers belonging to the most modern period. It is thought that the structures that have been exposed by the spade were erected in 2,750 B.C. Below this level are evidences of several other cities, but a complete excavation of all the levels will not be possible, as the whole level of the Indus valley and of the Indus itself has risen in the course of the centuries, leaving these buildings below the water level of the soil.

Pits have been sunk and from various levels, articles of jewellery, pottery, &c. have been recovered, pointing clearly to an advanced civilization which was marked by a high degree of skill in the use of metals and clay. Small hoards of jewellery have been found, and these consist of articles of gold and silver. Further work will doubtless provide more examples which will enable us to form a more reliable judgement on the proficiency of the craftsmen of this period. Pottery, which includes a large variety of jars and dishes, which range in size from huge storage bins to small covered jars used for holding ointments and cosmetics, have been discovered. Though the terra cotta figures which have been unearthed do not suggest any striking skill in technique, they show that, in those days, the needs of the children were catered for, as shown by a large range of toys made in this substance.

One of the finds of greatest interest is that of a small piece of material in which a vase was wrapped, which has been proved to be made of 'cotton.' This is the earliest example of cotton known in the world's history. It is from such evidence of the activities of men in these ancient days that scholars hope to be able to give some adequate idea of the conditions of life in this little known period of Indian history.

MOHENJO-DARO

An examination of the uppermost stratum of the last city to be built, now opened up by the excavators, reveals to the visitor a well planned city, whose streets run north and south, all parallel. There are lanes that branch off at right angles. The houses were two-storeyed, separate families living on the two floors which were reached by outside staircases. More facts about their domestic life will probably be revealed as further work is carried out.

One of the most striking features of the town was the elaborate system of drainage. Under every street and lane these drains have been found; from either side small tributaries from the houses run into the main drain. The water from the upper storeys runs in the thickness of the walls. In the poorer quarters the drains run from the houses into large porous earthenware jars which were buried in the ground, the water soaking into the earth. This drainage system was made possible by the excellent water supply which came from the many wells which have been uncovered in the side lanes and within the houses.

Seals and coins belonging to other countries justify us in believing that this ancient town was in touch with far off countries, with which trade was carried on, both by sea and land.

This, the earliest of the known deserted cities of India, promises to provide the excavators with much that will help to dispel the mists surrounding this period, which must have made so great a contribution to the development of the Indian nation.

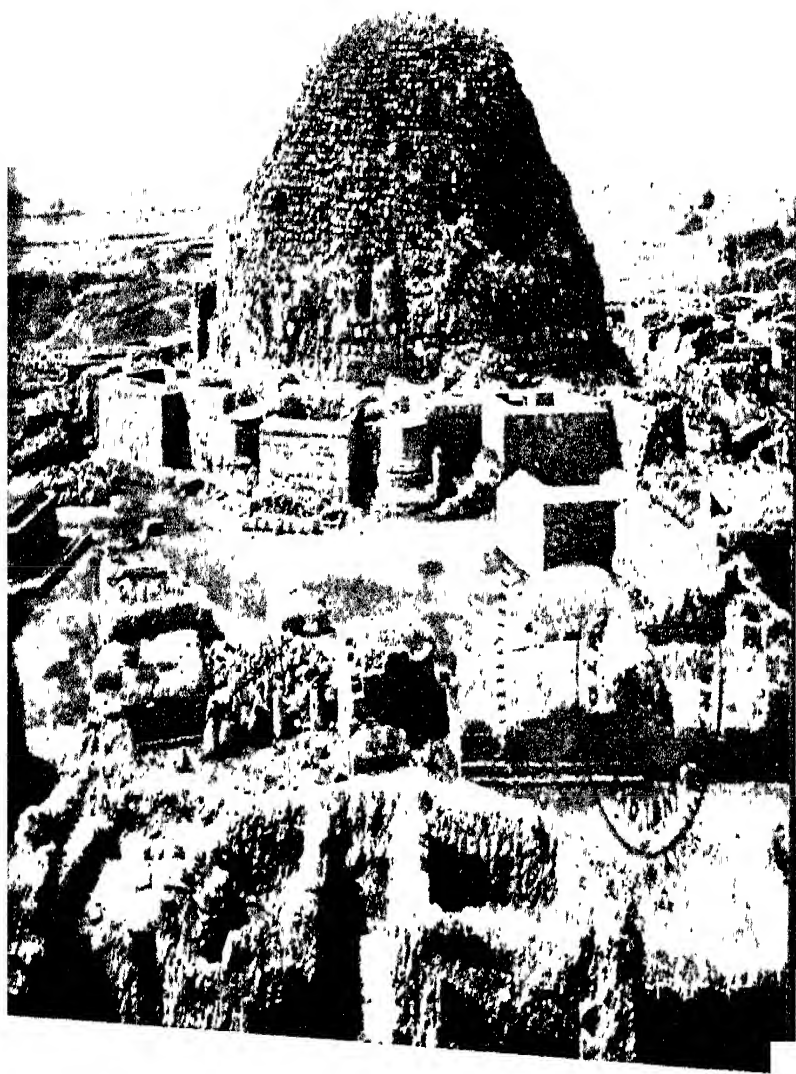
TAXILA

GREEK AND INDIAN RUINS

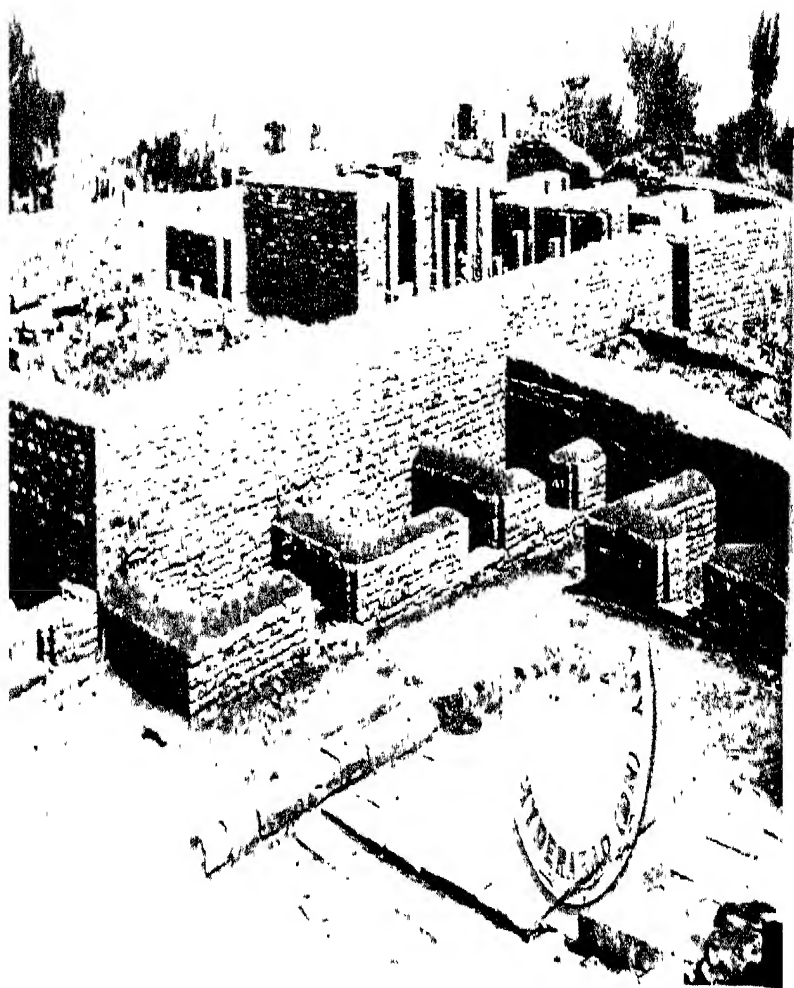
TWENTY miles north of Rawalpindi, in the Punjab, on the great trade route which used to connect Hindustan with Central and Western Asia, are to be seen the ruins of the ancient city of Taxila, the history of which can be traced from the fifth century B.C. to the fifth century A.D., during which time it was under the dominion of seven different dynasties. Its importance lies mainly in the light the excavations have thrown on the history and development of Buddhism, in what was one of the great places of pilgrimage in the days when that religion was the prevailing faith in a large part of India; also in the additional knowledge these excavations provide of the influence of Greek culture and art in India.

A brief summary of the history of the city, as revealed by the records of Greek and Chinese writers, together with the inscriptions found on the coins in the ruins, may serve to show how varied a scene Taxila must have presented in bygone ages. From the fifth to the fourth century B.C. it was famous as a university town, where the arts and sciences of the day were taught. But apart from this fact we know nothing of its history until the invasion of Alexander the Great when he received the submission of Taxila in 326 B.C. The writings of his companions and contemporaries describe the city as being wealthy, populous, and well governed, though such customs as sati, polygamy and slavery prevailed.

After Alexander left, Taxila was incorporated into the Maurya Empire, whose ruler, Chandragupta, had made himself master of the Punjab in 317 B.C. But it was during the reign of Asoka, who became Emperor in 273 B.C., that those developments took place which gave Buddhism such a stronghold in this part of India. The ruins of this deserted city are evidence of the activity of the Emperor and other Buddhist



VIEW OF EXCAVATIONS, TAXILA



GENERAL VIEW OF MONASTERY, SANCHI

TAXILA

rulers in the building of great stupas and monasteries, the excavation of which has been skilfully carried out, thus preserving relics of the past which are of the greatest value to historians.

Following the break up of the Maurya Empire, Taxila had a chequered history. The Greeks from Bactria returned for a short period; then the Scythians—invading hosts of barbarians from the West—took possession; the Kushans under Kanishka were masters in the second century A.D.; then in the fifth century A.D. hordes of barbarian white Huns, carrying fire and sword wherever they went, overthrew the ruling dynasty, and destroyed the city, leaving the monasteries in ruins and the land desolate. When the Chinese traveller, Hsuan Tsaing, visited the deserted city in A.D. 400, he found most of the monuments shattered and the country without inhabitants.

Very little interest was taken in the ruins of Taxila, save by treasure hunters, and by villagers, who required bricks wherewith to build their houses. But in 1863 General Cunningham began to work on the site and established its identity with the ancient Taxila. This work was continued by the Director of the Archaeological Survey of India, and the results have been embodied in the annual reports and in a popular brochure.

It is clear that in this valley of the Haro River, and within three and half miles of each other, are the remains of three distinct cities; first, the site known as the Bhir Mound, which is the most ancient, and was probably occupied as a city many centuries prior to the coming of the Greeks; second, Sirkap, the remains of whose outer wall can still be seen, and whose length is approximately 6,000 yards, its thickness varying from 15 to 21 feet; third, Sirsukh, built by the Kushans in the second century A.D. on a plan which is roughly a parallelogram, with a circuit of walls nearly three miles in length. Scattered over this wide area are many Buddhist monuments, stupas and monasteries, descriptions of which were given by Hsuan Tsaing. To visit all these sites would require many days, but the visitor, in a few hours, is able to obtain a good general idea of the ruins.

DEPARTED GLORY

The Dharmarajika stupa stands in the centre of the plateau and is a fine example of the funeral mound built by the Buddhists to enshrine some relic of the Buddha, or of some Buddhist saint. The erection of such a stupa was regarded as a work of merit which brought the builder a step nearer to salvation. The main structure is circular in plan, with a raised terrace round the base, ascended by means of four flights of steps. It is faced with limestone blocks and was coated with lime plaster and paint. Elaborate mouldings are among its chief features. The terrace served as a processional path round which the monks used to walk in obedience to their vows. It is likely that this path was originally covered with glass tiles. In the neighbourhood of this great stupa are many smaller ones, each containing a relic chamber. It is interesting to note that in 1917 a miniature casket of gold was found, containing, in addition to many jewels, a bone relic which is supposed to have been that of the Buddha. This was presented by the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, to the Buddhists in Ceylon, to be enshrined by them in the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy. Near to this stupa a number of monasteries and temples have been uncovered showing that large numbers of monks resided in the city during this period.

It is of interest to note the fortifications in the lower city of Sirkap. These are constructed of rubble masonry throughout and vary in thickness from 15 to 21 feet. They are strengthened at intervals by solid bastions. The wall and bastions were between 20 and 30 feet high, the bastions being built in two storeys. Along the walls were loopholes for use in defence. In this city may be seen a fine example of a palace with a frontage of 352 feet on the western side while from the east to the west it measures 250 feet. This is the first plan of a building of this kind to be discovered in India. As it is planned on the same lines as those excavated in Assyria, it provides an evidence of the influence of this powerful country on its neighbours.

The excavators have laid bare a large number of ordinary dwellings which were built of rough rubble, with the inner and outer face covered with lime and mud plaster. The chambers were built around an open quadrangle, the smaller

TAXILA

rooms on the street being reserved for shops. The roofs were probably flat and covered with mud. 'A remarkable feature of these houses is that, although in some cases there are doors communicating between two or three rooms, there are no doors giving direct access from these rooms to the interior court or the streets outside—the practice apparently having been to enter these lower chambers by means of staircases or ladders descending from the rooms above.'

This brief reference to some of the features of these sites, dating back to the fifth century B.C., cannot give a true idea of the wide extent of the excavations and of the large number of buildings that have been exposed to view, making it possible for us to reconstruct the life of the people in those far distant days. The finding of large quantities of jewellery, coins, statues, domestic utensils, now carefully preserved in the museum built on the site, help us to form some idea of the type of art practised in this period. One distinguishing feature is the influence of Hellenistic culture. Sir John Marshall says, 'As with the architectural, so with the plastic, and other arts, they, one and all, derived their inspiration from the Hellenistic school, and in the very slowness of their decline, bear testimony to the remarkable persistency of its teachings.' While this influence was very pronounced, the coins and jewellery show that the Indian craftsmen were not mere imitators of the Greek models but that they introduced Indian elements which enabled them to give spontaneous expression to their own ideas.

SANCHI

REMAINS OF A BUDDHIST SACRED CITY

How changed the busy scene of former days,
When twice five thousand monks obeyed the call
To general thanksgiving and praise;
When the stone cloisters echoed, and the hall
Resounded with the solemn festival,
And gay processions filled each gorgeous gate.
No more do pilgrims round the solid wall
Of yon mysterious pile perambulate
No more to Budh do kings their kingdoms dedicate.

Nought but the topes themselves remain to mock
Time's ceaseless efforts; yet they proudly stand
Silent and lasting on their parent rocks.
And still as cities under magic wand;
Till curious Saxons from a distant land
Unlocked the treasures of two thousand years.
And the love scene is peopled; here a band
Of music wakes the echoes; there the cheers
Of multitudes, alive with human hopes and fears.

SANCHI, in the Bhopal State, in Central India, has revealed many secrets of her long past to the 'curious Saxons from a distant land' who have carried out the extensive excavations in this area so closely associated with the Buddhist faith. The history of Sanchi covers a period of fourteen centuries, beginning with the reign of Asoka in the third century B.C., and covering practically the whole period of the rise and fall of Buddhism. Though Sanchi does not appear to have had a large civilian population, for its inhabitants were chiefly monks, not far distant was a large and populous city, known as Vidasi, the capital of Eastern Malwa which suffered the same fate as the sacred place with which it was connected. Save the stupas and monasteries nothing remains of what must have been, for many ages, a place thronged with devotees from all parts of India. From the thirteenth century the

SANCHI

place appears to have been deserted and the whole area to have become a jungle, her massive buildings being allowed to fall into ruin. When, in the nineteenth century, they were discovered by some Englishmen travelling over the district, considerable interest was aroused in them, an interest which proved disastrous to the monuments themselves. 'The site quickly became a hunting ground for treasure seekers and amateur archaeologists, who, in their efforts to probe its hidden secrets or to enrich themselves from the spoils supposed to be hidden there, succeeded in half demolishing and doing irreparable damage to most of the structures.'

Until 1881 little was done to protect these incomparable buildings from the ravages of the villagers and others who found them a fine quarry for stones wherewith to build their houses. The Government of India took measures to safeguard them. A few years before, Napoleon III, Emperor of the French Republic, made a request to the Begum of Bhopal, in whose territory the ruins are situated, that one of the fine gateways should be presented to him. Fortunately, this request was not acceded to, but casts of the eastern gate were prepared and presented to the principal national museums of Europe. Through the munificence of the Begum, the Director-General of Archaeology in India, Sir John Marshall, has been able to clear the site of its debris, to excavate many monasteries and temples, and to restore several of the most important structures to what was, approximately, their original condition. This work of restoration was made difficult, because so many of the original stones had disappeared from the site in the days when no authority deemed it a duty to protect these memorials of a great past, now generally acknowledged to be the most magnificent and most perfect examples of Buddhist art in India.

Of the structures in Sanchi the most important is the Great Stupa, which was doubtless built to commemorate some important event in Buddhist history or to mark a specially sacred spot. Stupas were often erected to house some relics of the Buddha or of his most notable followers, but there is no evidence that this building was ever intended for this purpose. The stupa consists of an almost hemispherical

DEPARTED GLORY

dome, truncated near the top and surrounded at its base by a lofty terrace, which served in ancient days as a processional path, access to which was provided by a double flight of steps built against it on the southern side. Encircling the monument on the ground level is a second processional path, enclosed by a massive balustrade of stone. It was along this path, paved with large stone slabs, that the monks and lay-worshippers used to perform their devotional walk, keeping the stupa always on the right hand. In fulfilment of definite vows the monks would process seven, fourteen, even one hundred and eight times round the stupa. The original building, erected by Asoka, was about half the size of the present one, but it was gradually enlarged by encasing the original with stone. The height is about 54 feet and the diameter about 120 feet. After the completion of the main part a railing was erected and on the summit was fixed a large stone umbrella, one of the important emblems of Buddhist worship.

Of greatest interest to most visitors, are the fine gateways that face the four corners of the compass, erected in the first century of the Christian era, and among the most wonderful stone monuments in the world. Sir John Marshall says of these gateways: 'The work of carpenters, rather than of stone masons, and the marvel is that erections of this kind, constructed on principles wholly unsuited to work in stone, should have survived in such remarkable preservation for nearly two thousand years.' Every part of these gateways is covered with carvings setting forth the many and varied incidents related in the Jataka stories based on the supposed experiences of the Buddha himself. These fine examples of Buddhist art were long a closed book, but in recent years much excellent work has been done by the French savant, M. Foucher, whose researches have thrown much light on their symbolism. Among the ruins of Indian cities few things more fascinating than these carvings will be found.

Other buildings merit examination. The Stupa No. 3, in which General Cunningham discovered the relics of two of the Buddha's disciples, was allowed to fall into a deplorable state of dilapidation. It has been reconstructed, so that we

SANCHI

can now obtain an excellent idea of the original appearance of such a stupa. In the course of the excavations several pillars have been unearthed, the most important of these being the pillar or *lat* of Asoka on which is to be seen one of the royal edicts that throw so much light on Buddhist history in India. Many years ago this pillar, the original height of which was 42 feet, was broken in pieces by a local landowner who was anxious to make use of the fine shaft in a sugar-cane press. The crowning lions on the shaft is an excellent piece of work. One wonders how, in those old days, when they had such limited mechanical means of transport, they succeeded in conveying intact such a pillar, weighing forty tons, a distance of several hundred miles from the quarries at Chanar. Other pillars provide some interesting inscriptions from which we have gained considerable knowledge of that period.

On the higher plateau is a large monastery; also a temple, which dates from the tenth century A.D., the successor of an earlier building on this site. 'Like so many buildings on the site, this earlier temple appears to have been burnt down and left for a long space of time in this ruined condition. This is evident from the quantities of charred remains that were found on the floor of the courtyard and the accumulation of earth that had formed above them. It might have been expected that, when the Buddhists set about rebuilding it, their first step would have been to clear away all this debris and utilize as far as possible the old materials; but, whether from religious or other motives, they preferred to level up the remains, lay a new pavement about two feet six inches above the old one, and completely rebuild the shrine and cells adjoining it on the east side of the Court.'

By the reconstruction of these old buildings we can now get some idea of the kind of structures the old monks used for their monasteries. Excavation work shows that a large number of such buildings existed even below the present site. It is a wonderful thing to make history; perhaps the next best is to recover history for the benefit of the present race. Such has been done in Sanchi. With our increasing knowledge of the period when Buddhism was the great power in India,

DEPARTED GLORY

obtained by the labour of the scientific workers in this and other areas, there should be no difficulty in presenting a fairly comprehensive and accurate picture of the conditions that prevailed over two thousand years ago in India. The responsibility for the care and oversight of these buildings is clearly recognized by the Government of India which is worthily fulfilling that duty to this great legacy of the past.

II

THE HINDU PERIOD

AMBER

QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAINS

AMBER, the former capital of the Jaipur State, is a most ancient place, for the town was mentioned by Ptolemy. It was founded by the Minas dynasty and was flourishing in the tenth century A.D. In 1037 it was taken by the Rajputs and held by them till deserted in 1728, because the ruler found this hill town to be very inaccessible and too limited in area for the grand architectural plans he had conceived for his capital. On the new site selected he was able to carry out these schemes. Though Amber is deserted there are still many most beautiful palaces and temples extant and kept in a good state of preservation.

Many travellers have given their impressions of this city, built on a hill. In his book, *India Revisited*, Sir Edwin Arnold has given a brief sketch of his visit to this city. 'Here at the temple of Mahdeo the eye beholds the strange spectacle on one side, of a great populous city, full of vitality; on the other, of a city dead and silent, nine-tenths of its stone dwellings tumbled and ruined as though by an earthquake, wild weeds growing over its mansions and temples, and the ancient streets choked with wild fig trees and broken blocks of carved marble and sandstone. In the midst of these silent ruins sleeps a large lake full of amphibious snakes and alligators and with a water poisonous and stagnant, but reflecting every tree, building and rocky promontory as if in a mirror.'

Rousselet, the great French traveller, spent six weeks in the palace here, and has given a very fine description of the city and its buildings. 'Picture to yourself a deep crater, the sides of which are covered with thick jungle, in the centre of which rises a green mound, forming a pedestal for a fairy lake and dazzling marble palace, beside which the wonders of Seville and Granada would appear insignificant; and round this palace lies a silent and deserted town, whose

DEPARTED GLORY

smallest houses are palaces, and near it is a black and gloomy lake. Such is one's first impressions of Amber; but one's feelings after a moment of contemplation, are quite indescribable. A mixture of the romantic and the mysterious takes possession of you; you ask yourself whether, after all, it is not a mere phantom of the Arabian Nights and whether, like a Calender, you have come to disturb the silence of this sleeping town and bring to light some frightful mystery. The palace in particular has a supernatural appearance; the marble turrets have the yellowish tints of ivory; and the walls are ornamented with gilded balconies. Surely this must be the enchanted castle of Sherazad.'

Spender, the English journalist, on the occasion of his visit to India, included Amber in his tour, but he entered, not as Rousselet, through the jungles, but by the way usually taken by the tourist. He was deeply impressed by the air of mystery and greatness that pervaded the deserted capital. 'Amber is one of the abiding lovely visions which you take away with you from India. It comes on you suddenly as you turn round a corner of the detestable road which leads to it from Jaipur, and claims its place as one of the half-dozen most beautiful hill cities in the world. It lies in a rocky gorge, surrounded by steep mountains, its great palace planted on a spur of the foothills, and charmingly reflected in a little lake below. The city walls run precipitously to the top of the mountains where they are crowned by forts; the city itself spreads out on the floor of the valley, rising in places to right and left, and fitting itself neatly in gaps in the rock.

'From above you look down on a medley of cupolas and minarets, broken here and there by the mitre-shaped domes of the Hindu temples, a vision of pale brown stone and white marble blended on a background of dense green trees. The houses are mere shells if you look into them, but they have all the airs of departed greatness. Most of them are large and richly designed in Indo-Aryan style; some have big walled windows with marble pavilions for summer houses and dainty kiosks at the angles of the walls. Through the gap in the mountains you look to a desolate plain which stretches to another line of blue hills on the horizon. The palace is intact

AMBER

and a rich specimen of Hindu palatial style, as it was before Shah Jahan came to refine it. In the temple by the entrance a goat is sacrificed daily as if to remind the god that Amber is still a city, but none the less an air of desolation hangs over this beautiful valley.'

Bishop Heber was a great traveller, and his description of the conditions prevailing in town and village in India is always full of interest. In days when Amber was not so easily reached as to-day the bishop, in the course of his travels, visited this hill town. He is carried away by the uniqueness of the place. 'For varied and picturesque effect,' he writes, 'for richness of carving, for wild beauty of situation, for the number and romantic singularity of the apartments, and the strangeness of finding such a building in such a country and place, I am able to compare nothing with Umeer (Amber).'

A more recent visitor, Rudyard Kipling, in his *Letters of Marque* gives his impressions of this city of sleep. 'In the half light of dawn, a great city, sunk between the hills and built round three sides of a lake, is dimly visible, and one waits to catch the hum that should arise from it as the day breaks. The air in the valley is bitterly chill, Amber stands revealed, and the traveller sees that it is a city that will never awake.' He tells of his wanderings among those deserted buildings, of the cramped and darkened rooms, the narrow smooth-walled passages, where a man could wait for his enemy unseen. There is always a feeling that behind those screens there may be many peeping eyes, the eyes of women living in the zenanas, versed in all kinds of intrigue. In these rooms can be seen beauty and strength combined. The kings who fashioned these buildings were content with nothing that was other than royal and superb.

Some of the palaces are fine specimens of the skill and workmanship of the Indian architects and builders, and in spite of the passing of several centuries are still in a good state of preservation. One of the gems of the palace, built on the upper plateau, is the Dewan-i-am, a striking building, consisting of a double row of columns supporting a massive marble entablature, above which are latticed galleries. The whole of the lower part is covered by a vaulted and lofty

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ceiling of great solidity. The hall is paved with marble, inlaid with colours; and a platform of white marble, erected at one extremity, serves as a throne. The columns are covered with most exquisite carving, the work of the great Mirza, one of the foremost of India's craftsmen. It is said that the Emperor Jehangir, filled with envy on hearing the account of this wonderful work, gave orders that the architect should be seized and the work destroyed. In order to save the structure the column was covered with stucco, so when the messengers from Agra arrived they had to admit there was nothing of particular merit in the building. Thus it was saved for posterity.

Leading into the palace in which the king lived is a marvelous gateway, known as the Sowae Gate, covered with mosaics and delicate paintings. The marble framework of the windows which ornament this gate is said to be the most beautiful in India; at a distance it resembles transparent muslin curtains. Inside the royal residence is the pavilion known as the Jas Mandir, the 'Alcove of Light.' Its ground floor is surrounded by a verandah of Moorish arches and is itself made of white marble. The interior is covered from the ceiling to the floor with mosaics and inlaid work, composed of polished stones, agates, turquoises, and pieces of looking glasses arranged in groups of flowers. 'On one side there are large windows, with delicate marble trelliswork, overlooking the precipice, and commanding a magnificent view; and on the other is a handsome terrace, shaded by the branches of the orange and pomegranate trees growing in the garden below. You cannot picture to yourself a more romantic spot. The unbroken silence, the glorious view, the fairy-like palace with the oriental garden—it is impossible to imagine such delightful solitude.'

One reminder of ancient days, mentioned by Spender in his description given above, is the ceremony which is still regularly performed, of slaying a goat in the precincts of the temple. It is a daily ceremony, a survival of the custom of making a sacrifice of a human being every day to afford protection to the city. Though Jey Singh, the ruler, stopped the sacrifice, he was obliged to revive the ceremony after a

AMBER

dream, in which Kali, the goddess to whom the offering was made, protested against allowing her image to remain dry; the goddess now having to be content with a goat instead of a human being.

When Jey Singh II decided to make Jaipur his new capital, the ancient 'Queen of the Mountains' was despoiled of her inhabitants and little of her former splendour remained save the palaces and temples on the hill; few are the reminders of the days when great crowds of people lived in the valley. Nature has quickly worked her will on the dwellings of the people. Save those forms of animal life which resort to such desolate places there is little to give animation to these ruined houses which once resounded with the joyous sounds of a prosperous people.

'Nowhere,' says Rousselet, 'has Nature been so quick in beautifying the work of man. She has covered the walls with creepers and flowers, planted the courts with shady groves and hung her peepul trees and cacti among the trellis-work of the terraces. Wandering through the silent streets, whose loose and broken pavement is overgrown with weeds and grass, you experience a feeling of soothing melancholy seldom excited by ruins, which so often are bare and desolate; and the sun's rays, partially intercepted by the foliage of the trees, impart a warm colour to this mixture of sculptural stone work and verdure.'

CHITOR

CITY OF THE RAJPUT KINGS

THERE is a legend that the goddess of the city of Chitor, in Rajputana, the capital of the Mewar rajahs, promised to protect the place and to continue its glory, provided that royal blood was sacrificed when demanded by her. Certain it is that, in spite of the wholesale destruction of the city on no less than three occasions, and the death of practically the whole of the royal family, the glory of the city remained, and in due time passed again into the hands of the suffering Rajput kings. But when royal blood was not shed her grandeur departed, and from that time to this, Chitor has remained a deserted, desolate city, with all her wonderful buildings in a ruinous condition, and her gardens a vast wilderness.

Yet, on the area now covered with these ruins was shed some of the bluest blood in India. In fact, it is said that there is no place in India where so much has been shed in actual warfare. The kings of Mewar now reside in their lake city of Udaipur, but they never can forget the glory of their ancient capital, which stands on the high plateau almost directly east of the present capital. For many centuries Chitor was the last bulwark of the Hindus against the invasion of the Muhammadans.

The following extract is taken from an account, written by the chaplain to the embassy from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor Jehangir, the members of which visited this old capital on their way to Ajmere. 'Chitor, an ancient great kingdom, the chief city so called, which standeth upon a mighty hill, flat on the top, walled about for at least ten English miles. There appear to this day above a hundred ruined churches and divers fair palaces which are lodged in like manner among their ruins besides many exquisite pillars of carved stone; and the ruins likewise of one hundred stone houses, as many English by the observation have guessed.

CHITOR

Its chief inhabitants at this day are Zum and Ohim, birds and old beasts; but the stately ruins thereof give a shadow of beauty, while it flourished in its pride.'

A later writer says: 'The royal abode which for a thousand years had towered above all the other towns of Hindustan, has become the haunt of wild beasts, and its temples desecrated and in ruins. It is given over to evil spirits, and Rajput rulers were forbidden to enter the place of such tragic failure.'

This unhappy town of Chitor has passed through the most bitter misfortunes; it has fought long battles for its independence, only in the end to be overwhelmed by the invading forces. In some cases, as in the destruction of the Vijayanagar kingdom, the ruin was completed almost in a day. One day it was at the height of its glory, the next it was a land of devastation, deserted by all its inhabitants. It was not so with Chitor. No less than three times (the Hindus say three and a half, for on one occasion, though the city was not destroyed, the flower of her manhood was killed) the place was sacked by the Muhammadan rulers of India, but on the ruins there rose another capital. In order that the vitality of the now deserted city may be realized, these successive sackings may briefly be described. Every phase of the struggle in defence of her independence and the subsequent restoration to power is of interest, the full story of which is told in that notable record, *The Annals of Rajasthan*, by Colonel Tod.

The Emperor Ala-ud-din, was responsible for the first attempt to capture Chitor. It was the occasion on which he attempted, by stratagem, to take off the beautiful queen of Bhimsi, one of the members of the royal family. Padmani, the queen, often spoken of as the 'Helen of Chitor,' was a woman of incomparable beauty, whose loveliness, talents and courage still continue to be the theme of popular praise in India. Ala-ud-din, having heard of the beauty of the queen, determined to capture the city that he might take possession of her. But the task he had set himself was harder than he thought, and he was forced to give up the siege. When, however, he requested that he might be permitted to see the face of Padmani in a mirror the Rajput ruler agreed to accede to his wishes. Knowing that he could trust the honour of the

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Rajputs, Ala-ud-din entered the stronghold without guards. He had his desire, and returned to his army outside the walls, accompanied by Bhimsi who was anxious to show the same trust in the honour of the Muhammadan ruler. But he soon realized that the honour of the Rajput and the Muhammadan was not the same. This ruse of Ala-ud-din to get Bhimsi in his power, was successful. The next day there was great consternation and sorrow in the city when word was received that the Rajput would be released only in exchange for Padmani. Without hesitation, the brave queen declared her willingness to sacrifice herself to save her husband. But in her mind she had conceived a method by which Ala-ud-din should be outwitted. She declared her willingness to give herself in exchange for Bhimsi on condition that she was allowed to bring, as far as the enemy's camp, her companions, servants, and members of her family from whom she would have to take leave, stipulating that the laws of the zenana should be honoured. Next day seven hundred litters, each borne by four soldiers, left Chitor for the camp. Permission for a halt of half an hour was given for the farewells to be made. But these litters contained, not Padmani, but Rajput soldiers, who suddenly sprang out and attacked the surprised Ala-ud-din and his men. Bhimsi effected his escape and returned to Chitor, his warriors covering his retreat. But the struggle was a bitter one for these courageous Rajputs. Though the fort was reached large numbers of them were killed. This attack is described as the 'half sack' because, though the fort was not actually taken, the best of the Rajput warriors had perished.

In 1290 Ala-ud-din was back again with the declared object of destroying the idolatrous Hindus; his real aim was the capture of the beautiful Padmani, whom he had never ceased to desire for his own. It was on this occasion that the goddess of the city is supposed to have demanded the blood of royal victims as the condition that the descendants of the Rana should reign over Mewar. The bloodthirsty goddess, Kangra Rancee, cried, 'I must have royal victims. Let twelve crowned princes shed their blood for me and their descendants shall reign in Mewar.' It is recorded that the Rana's sons

CHITOR

joyfully agreed to the sacrifice, and disputed as to who should have the honour to be the first victim. When eleven of them had perished the Rana himself declared that his turn to die had come and he made preparations for the last great fight. In the meantime his youngest son was sent away to hide in the Aravalli Hills until an opportunity should present itself of recovering the kingdom. Before the soldiers went forth to certain death there was arranged the horrible sacrifice, known as a 'johur' or self immolation of the royal ladies to preserve them from pollution or captivity. The subterranean apartments of the Rani-Bindar, impervious to the light of day, were filled with inflammable materials, and on these were heaped the diamonds, jewels, beautiful cloths of the princesses who themselves ascended the pile. All that could incite the cupidity of the enemy was prepared for destruction. The number of women amounted to several thousands, led by the queen, the peerless Padmani. The opening to the apartments was closed. When the brave Rajput soldiers reached the gates ready to make their hopeless attack on Ala-ud-din, the fire in the cavern was lighted. The soldiers perished to a man; the women passed to their death by the terrible ordeal of fire. When the Sultan arrived in the fort he found nothing but a silent deserted town. From the vault there came forth a cloud of smoke. In his rage he destroyed all the buildings in the town, save the Palace of Padmani, the lady for whom so many lives had been sacrificed.

In 1537 the Muhammadans again appeared, this time under the ruler of Gujerat. He invested the city and bombarded it with cannon under the charge of a European, Labri Khan Feringi, who was probably a deserter from the fleet of Vasco da Gama. The Rajput ruler offered a stern resistance. The queen-mother, herself, acted worthily of her race, for it is said that she, armed from head to foot, headed a sortie, and was killed after the enemy had suffered terrible losses. Again, the sacrifice of the women was offered. As there was little time in which to prepare the funeral pyre, the queen, with a thousand ladies, stationed herself upon a rock which had been mined. The signal was given and the mine was fired. Then forth sallied the men to give a good

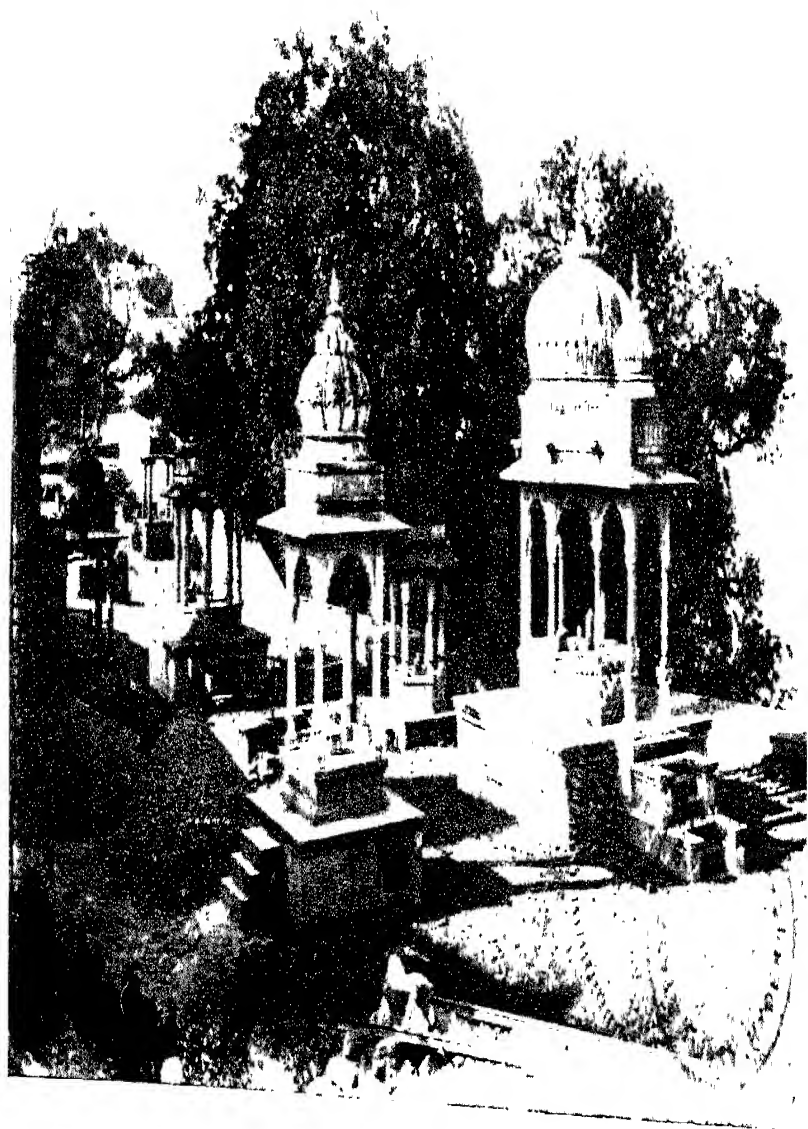
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account of themselves before they were utterly destroyed by the enemy outside the gates. The town was filled with the dead and dying. The disappointed conqueror, Bazazat, in disgust, abandoned Chitor to the jungle.

Twenty years later the town was again subjected to an attack by another Muhammadan invader, the great Akbar himself, who was keen to have the glory of adding this 'infidel' stronghold to the list of his conquests. The first attempt was unsuccessful. On the second occasion, the Rajput defender acted in a very cowardly way, fleeing from the fortress and leaving the defence to his brave vassals. The bravest fell. Even the widow of Saloumbra went out to battle, accompanied by her son, a boy of sixteen, and her daughter-in-law. All fell to the sword of the enemy. The last two leaders, the heads of the tribes, fought to the end, but were finally beaten. Then came the signal for the holocaust of the women of the city. Once more the same terrible sacrifice was witnessed. Nine queens, five princesses, and more than a thousand noble women ascended the funeral pyre, there to die as their brave ancestors had done before them.

Akbar entered the city, and to his shame, he ordered a more complete sack than that carried out by previous invaders. Every living thing was to be put to death, the monuments to be destroyed or mutilated. Thus did he vent his anger and disappointment on the doomed city. From that moment Chitor has been a deserted and desolate city. The goddess, Kangra Ranee, had fulfilled her threat to forsake the rock when no Rajput king was found worthy of her assistance.

'The spirit of the race hangs over the fortress like an exhalation. To-day, even the ruins bring tears to the eyes of bearded horsemen as they go over the ground and recount the old stories. Their fathers held the rock as stubbornly as men will hold to a principle. Three times the flower of the race were annihilated in its defence, and each time a new breed succeeded them to win it back; while the survivors of the sack held to their mountain fastness, laid waste their own rich lands so that they could not harbour the foe, and swore oaths and kept them to sleep only on straw till their citadel was restored.'



SATI MEMORIALS, CHITOR



ATUE OF ADINATH, GWALIOR

CHITOR

The fort of Chitor rises abruptly above the level plain to a height of 500 feet. It is three and a half miles long, the flatness of its summit only broken by ruined towers and buildings silhouetted against the clear sky, while its perpendicular sides give it an appearance of absolute impregnability. This naturally strong position, reinforced by its admirable defences and the valour of its garrison made its overthrow a task that could only be accomplished after a long and strenuous attack. It was well supplied with water and large storehouses, yet there are few towns in India that have so often been entered by invading forces. There was one weak point in its defence, the small plateau on the south side, which was usually chosen by the attacking army.

Passing through the lower town of Chitor—the insignificant modern representative of the famous capital, which occupied the rock in its former days—we soon begin the ascent of the fort. The road is a mile in length and there is probably no road on earth that has been so steeped in blood as this. Through several gateways we continue the ascent, the road winding round the sharpest of hairpin corners, until the summit is reached. We now enter the heart of this city of innumerable buildings in all states of ruin, preservation, and repair. Many of these ruins are most imposing.

The Tower of Victory, or Jaya Stambha, was erected in 1439 and is the most celebrated monument in the ancient city. Of this tower, Fergusson writes: 'It is a pillar of victory like that of Trajan of Rome, but of infinitely better taste as an architectural object. It has nine storeys, each of which is distinctly marked on the outside. A stair in the centre leads to each storey, the two upper ones being open and more ornamented than those below. It stands on a base 47 feet square and rises to a height of 122 feet, the whole being covered with ornaments and sculptures to such an extent as to leave no plain part, while this mass of decoration is kept so subdued that it in no way interferes with the outlines or general effect.' The ninth storey is a lantern tower, surmounted by a modern dome which replaced the old one destroyed by lightning. One of the inscriptions runs thus: 'May the glory of King Khoumbhou last as long as the sun's

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rays illumine the earth. As long as the icefields of the north continue, and the ocean forms a collar round the neck of the earth, so shall the glory of Khoumbhou be perpetuated! May the memory of his reign, and the splendour of the age in which he lived, be transmitted to all eternity.'

The Tower of Fame is one of the most interesting monuments belonging to the Jain faith, and dates from the ninth century. It was probably built by a Jain banker.

The Palace of Ratna Singh is a good example of Hindu architecture of the thirteenth century; the Palace of Padmani, a large building overlooking a tank, is associated with the brave queen; two temples, one dedicated to Vrij, the Black God, and the other to Shanmath, were built from the stones of ancient buildings in a neighbouring town; here and there, amid the wild waste of desolation, ruined structures of every kind may be seen.

There is one place, described graphically by Kipling in his *Letters of Marque*, where the mystery, the romance, and tragedy of Chitor impress themselves as perhaps nowhere else in India. It is that dark shadowed spot, reached by a winding path among the rocks and brushwood, known as the 'Cow's Mouth.' Near by is an opening in the rock which gives access to those underground caverns where the royal ladies sacrificed themselves when Ala-ud-din sacked the city. After that holocaust the cavern was walled in and has remained so ever since. Though, to the outward eye, Chitor is to-day peopled only with wild beasts and birds, to the eye of the imagination all its buildings and streets are peopled with courageous men and women who never in their long history, failed to uphold the honour of Rajput chivalry.

GWALIOR

RUINS OF ITS ANCIENT FORT

GWALIOR, in Central India, has always been considered one of the strongest fortresses in India, and history has recorded many striking incidents in connexion with this ancient capital of a Hindu dynasty, overthrown by the Muhammadans. The historical records do not take us very far back, but some of the sixteenth-century authorities do not find any difficulty in tracing its foundation to 3101 B.C.; perhaps we are coming more into the region of fact if we accept the date adopted by most authorities, A.D. 275.

The fort is really an isolated hill about 300 feet above the old town of Gwalior, one and three quarter miles long and having a breadth of 2,800 feet. The walls above the scarp are 30 feet in height. From the north-east the aspect is very imposing, for the long line of battlements which crown the steep scarp on the east is broken only by the lofty towers and fretted domes of the noble palace of Man Singh. Inside the fort itself are many memorials of the days when the Hindu princes held sway, and some of these are in a fair state of preservation. Only a few houses outside the fort mark the old city.

There is a legend that the fort was originally founded by one, Suraj Sen, a Kachhwaha chief, who was a leper. On one occasion he was out hunting in the neighbourhood, but strayed from the rest of the party. On the hill where the fort now stands he was able to relieve his thirst through the kindly help of a hermit, named Gwalipa, who brought some water that also cured his leprosy. In order to mark his gratitude the gods directed him to build a fort on the hill, and to enlarge the reservoir from which the water was taken. This new fortress was called after the hermit, Gwaliawar or Gwalior. This dynasty ruled about 850 years, after which seven Parihara princes ruled till A.D. 1232, when it was captured by the

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Muhammadan ruler, Altamsh. In 1375 the Tumar dynasty of Gwalior was founded by Bir Sing Deo.

The greatest of this dynasty was Man Singh and in the fort there are several buildings associated with his name, notably the great palace which is still the outstanding feature of the old ruins. It is a great memorial to a warrior king. The fort was taken and retaken by one ruler after another, and at the time of the Mutiny was in the hands of a Mahratta prince, Scindia, by name. He had a large force officered by Europeans, and capable of putting up a good fight. Had Scindia decided to throw in his lot with the rebels he might have marched to Agra and made himself master of the city. Such an action might have proved calamitous for the British. But he was guided by his minister, who pointed out that, though his master might gain a temporary success, he would be overpowered in the end. He was not able to protect all his English officers, but to many he gave shelter until relief came. Later, the rebels succeeded in taking Gwalior, and the chief, Nana Saheb, was proclaimed Peishwa of Gwalior. The British, after severe fighting, succeeded in defeating the rebel forces and took possession of the fort. Thus, the history of this old city and fort has been closely associated with Hindus, Muhammadans and Christians. To-day, little is left but the old buildings, some almost in ruins, others well preserved. Below, a new city, Lashkar, the present capital of Gwalior has sprung up.

Entering the fort by the fine gateway near the tomb of Muhammad Ghaus, the visitor passes through five gates, climbs up a steep road, with a battlemented wall on the one hand, and on the other, the precipitous rock. Passing along this roadway the view of the country becomes grander and below stretches that plain which has been the scene of so much bloodshed. In the rainy season the fields are green, but at other times they are arid and brown. The Alamgiri Gate, at the entrance to the fort, dates back to A.D. 1660; the next gate, the Badalghirgh, was built by Badal Singh; the Bansur Gate was built in A.D. 1485; the remaining gates were built by Man Singh in the fifteenth century. A little above the second gate is the famous palace of Man Singh, a grand pile,

GWALIOR

and a fit palace for such a fortress. Along the walls are many towers with domed cupolas, originally covered with plates of gilded copper, connected with each other by a battlement of beautiful stone work. But the most striking feature about these walls is the wonderful decoration which one scarcely expects to find on such a building. It consists of beautiful and brilliantly coloured enamelled tiles of green, blue and gold. In these colours are depicted elephants, peacocks, and other animals and designs. No wonder it is called the 'Painted Palace.' After so many years of neglect many of these tiles are still in perfect condition. The palace consists of massive round towers, graceful domes and a beautiful balustrade of delicately fretted stone work. When Babar the Mughal Emperor visited Gwalior in 1527 he found something to criticize in the building, for he wrote in his Memoirs, 'that though they have all the ingenuity of Hindustan bestowed upon them, yet they are but uncomfortable palaces.' Whether or not this criticism was justified it is difficult to say, but of the architecture of the Palace, Cunningham, an English authority, says that it is the noblest specimen of Hindu domestic building in North India. Man Singh was a great lover of the Fine Arts and many evidences of this love are to be seen in the buildings of his reign which are still extant.

The first structures of importance seen after passing the Palace of Man Singh, are the Sas Bahu temples, known as the 'Mother-in-Law' and 'Daughter-in-Law.' An inscription within the portico of one of them gives the date of construction as A.D. 1093. Both the temples belong to the Vaishnavite faith which was the religion of the rulers of this kingdom before the Muhammadan invasion. The interior of the larger temple appears overcrowded as there are four massive pillars, not a part of the original design, but required for the support of the heavy pyramidal roof. The temple stands on a richly carved plinth about twelve feet high; the various storeys of the building are clearly marked off by pillared porticoes. The small Sas Bahu temple is built in the shape of a cross and consists of a single storey, open on all four sides. There are some spirited carvings of female dancers on the pillars in both these temples. Here

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we have excellent examples of the ornate style of medieval Hindu architecture.

The Teli-ka-mandir, or the temple of the oilman, is supposed to have been built by an oil merchant in the eleventh century; falling into disuse, the fabric was in a ruinous condition when the restoration was undertaken by the British Government in 1881. The temple is 110 feet high. The roof is unique, for the sides slope upwards to a point 80 feet high where the building ends in an horizontal ridge 30 feet long. The whole of the Teli-ka-mandir, which was originally a Vaishnavite temple of the fifteenth century, is covered with richly elaborated sculptures.

Mention has been made of only the largest of the buildings which remain in a good state of preservation, but a ramble over the plateau will reveal a great number of ruined structures belonging to the Hindu period which were destroyed by the Muhammadans. Even to-day, Hindus visit these dilapidated shrines.

Excavated on the steep side of the cliff, immediately below the fortress, are some very fine examples of rock sculptures, most of which, however, have been badly mutilated. There are several groups of these massive figures carved by Hindu workmen in the fifteenth century. When Babar, the Muhammadan adventurer, saw these images his zeal for his monotheistic faith demanded that he should destroy them as far as possible. This act of destruction was carried out within sixty years of the sculptures being made. He himself says in his Memoirs: 'They have hewn the solid rock of this Adwa, and sculptured out of it idols of larger and smaller size. On the south part of it is a large idol, which may be about 40 feet in height. These figures are perfectly naked, without even a rag. I directed these idols to be destroyed.' The largest of these images is that of Adinath which is 60 feet high. These rock hewn figures are a reminder of the period when the Jain faith was the prevailing religion of the rulers. The old city and fort steadily declined in importance after Daulat Rao Scindia obtained possession of the country in 1794. He pitched his camp in the open plain to the south of the fort, and gradually a new city, in place of the camp, began to

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spring up. It was given the name of Lashkar, or the camp, to distinguish it from the old city which was being allowed to fall into disrepair. To-day, this new city is a fine example of town development under an Indian prince, for it contains some very fine notable buildings and streets. The old city is neglected, but every year sees steady progress in the city that has now pride of place in the State of Gwalior.

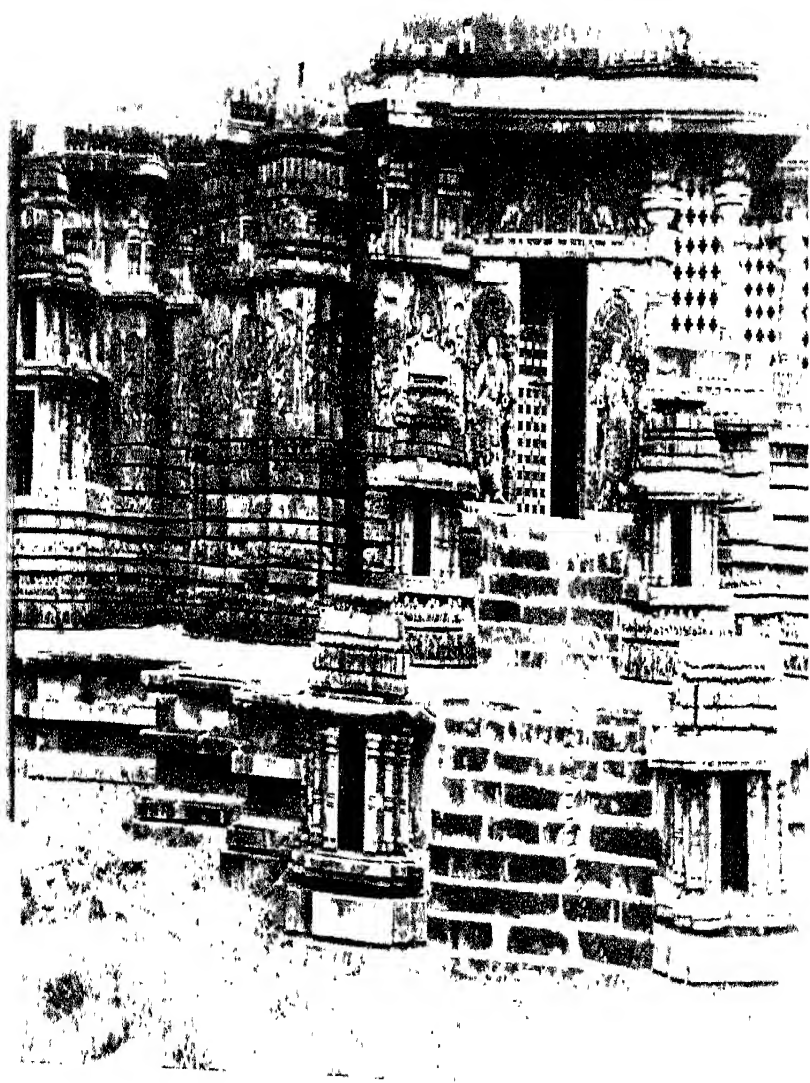
HALEBID

A CAPITAL OF THE MYSORE DYNASTY

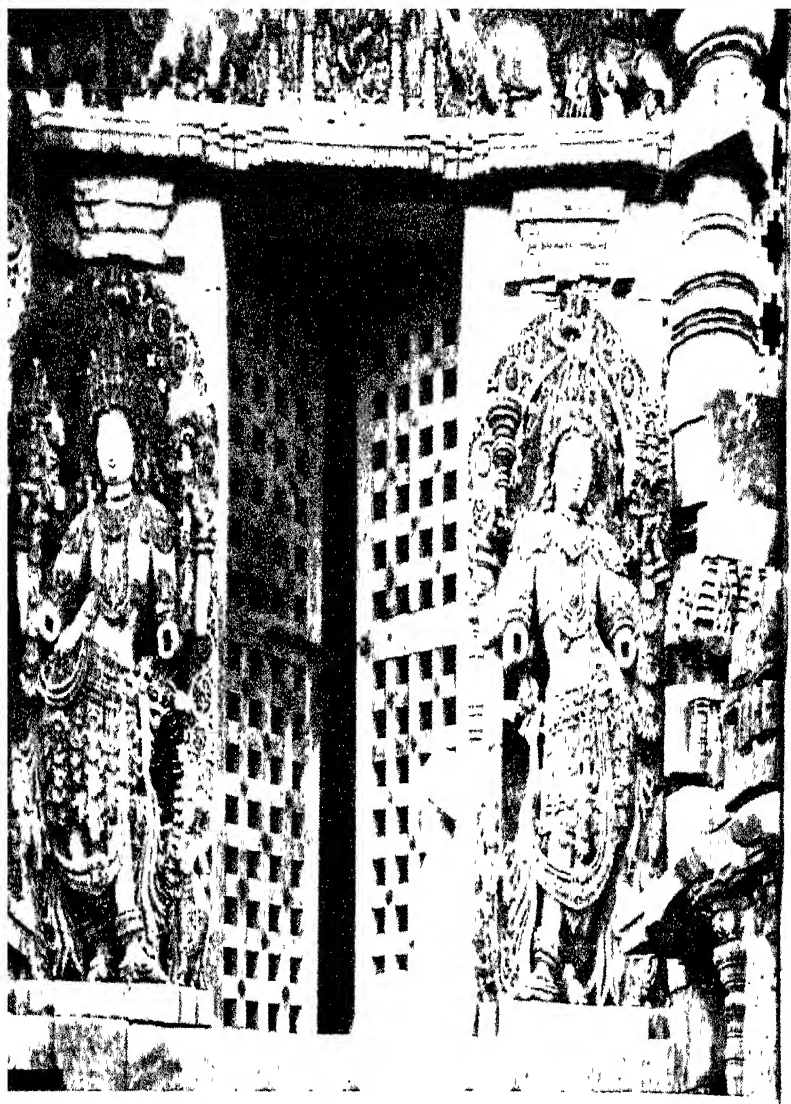
A VISITOR to Halebid, in the State of Mysore, would find few buildings that suggest a city which once claimed to be the capital of one of the strongest Hindu dynasties in South India. Of the extensive area once covered by the houses of the people, only one short street, known as the 'potters' street' remains. Its immunity from the destruction that befell the rest of the city is said to be due to the prediction of an offended sister of the ruling king. She had witnessed the beheading of her two sons at the instance of a royal mistress whom they had slighted. When her efforts to prevent the foul deed failed, she wandered in an agony of despair from street to street, invoking the vengeance of the Almighty on her king brother, and predicting the speedy downfall of his empire. It was while seeking shelter in the 'potters' street' that she requested and received a draught of water, for which act she declared that, in the coming destruction, this street should be spared.

The Hoysala dynasty, which was essentially Mysorean, ruled over a large area, extending to Bellary and Dharwar in the north, and to Salem and Coimbatore in the south. It attained its greatest glory in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The founder of the dynasty, Hoysala, was directed by the priest of the temple to which he had contributed handsomely from his revenues, to rebuild a ruined city known as Dwarapuri, which is believed to have been the city now known as Halebid. In the history of the Hoysala dynasty it was known by the name of Dorasumudra. The large treasure discovered in the ruins enabled the ruler to make a beginning with the construction of his capital; his successors extended and developed it. Vinayaditya, the son of the founder, who reigned from A.D. 1074-1100 planned on a large scale.

'The temples he built were so big that the pits dug became tanks (reservoirs); mountains quarried for stone became level



GENERAL VIEW OF HOYSALESWARA TEMPLE, HALEBID



Y CARVED DOORWAY, HALEBID

HALEBID

with the ground; the paths by which the mortar carts went to and fro became ravines.'

One episode in the history of this dynasty must be referred to as its effect on the religious life of the city was far-reaching. Bitta Deva, a later ruler, annoyed that the priests of the Jain faith, the acknowledged religion of the country, were so haughty that they would not even accept food from his hands, decided to change his loyalty to that of the Vishnu faith, whose apostle was Ramanujacharya, a refugee from the Chola king. By order of the ruler 720 Jain temples were demolished and the stones were used in embanking a large reservoir which still provides the water supply for the people.

After varying fortunes the Hoysala kingdom was invaded by a Muhammadan army under Kafur, the general of Ala-ud-din, a ruler from the north. After a battle the Hoysala king was taken prisoner, and Dorasumudra (Halebid) was sacked by the invading forces, who spared neither buildings nor people. The accounts given by Muhammadan writers speak of the invaders returning to Delhi laden with gold and precious stones. But the city was not completely destroyed, and a later ruler, Narasimha, rebuilt a part of the capital in 1316. Six years later it was finally and completely destroyed by an expedition sent by Muhammad III of the house of Tughlak. King and people left the city never to return. From that time Halebid was a deserted city, her temples were neglected, and her lands given over to the jungle.

It is still possible to trace the old walls in several places; the site of the king's palace has been identified; a part of one of the aqueducts that supplied the water may still be seen; also the remains of the 'potters' street' above referred to.

But the glory of Dorasumudra must have been the marvellous temples, the Hoysaleswara and Kedareshwara, which still remain, though they bear evidence of the iconoclastic activities of the Muhammadan invaders who felt it was a religious duty to destroy everything in the nature of idol worship. For centuries these buildings were allowed to fall into ruin and within their walls no priests chanted the worship to the Hindu gods. In recent years steps have been taken by the Govern-

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ment of Mysore to preserve what remained of these fine examples of the Hoysala style of architecture.

The Hoysaleswara temple, the older of the two Hindu temples remaining, which was built by Vinayaditya (1047-1104), but never finished, was in process of building eighty-six years. It is probable that the architect intended to build two pyramidal towers over the two inner shrines and others over the central pavilion. The building is constructed of stone found in the neighbourhood, which is soft when quarried but becomes hard on exposure, a fact which in no way diminishes our admiration for the labour bestowed. The temple is a double one, each part of which would have served as a temple. On the east face are two pillared porches containing huge shrines for the sacred bull Nandi, on whose broad back scores of visitors have carved their names. A curious effect, attributed to supernatural agency, is produced by the double reflection caused by the marble-like polish of the pillars. The whole building is covered with most elaborate carving, carried out to such a degree of detail that it provides one of the most marvellous exhibitions of human labour to be found even in the patient East. The order of the rows of ornamentation round the building is as follows:

1. A frieze of elephants, which extends 700 feet, with a total of over 2,000 animals, each with its elaborate trappings.
2. A frieze of *sharadas* or conventional tigers.
3. A scroll of great beauty and variety of design.
4. A frieze of animated horsemen.
5. A second scroll.
6. A bas-relief of scenes from the epic Ramayana, stretching 700 feet, and giving in detail the story of the conquest of Ceylon by Rama.
7. Celestial birds and beasts.
8. A cornice with a rail divided into panels.

There is nothing in Indian architecture which gives a better idea of the skilful work of her sculptors. In addition to these friezes a large number of figures from Hindu mythology are

HALEBID

carved on all the surfaces, the detail of which strikes one as truly marvellous.

Of the architecture of this temple an authority writes: 'The mode in which the eastern face is broken up by large masses, so as to give height and play of light and shade is a better way of accomplishing what the Gothic architects attempted by their transepts and projections. On the western face the variety of outline and the arrangement and subordination of the various facets in which it is disposed, must be considered as a masterpiece of its class. If the frieze of the gods were spread along a plain surface it would lose half its effect, while the vertical angles, without interfering with the continuity of the frieze, give height and strength to the whole composition. . . . The effects are just what medieval architects are often aiming at, but which they never attained so perfectly as was done at Halebid.'

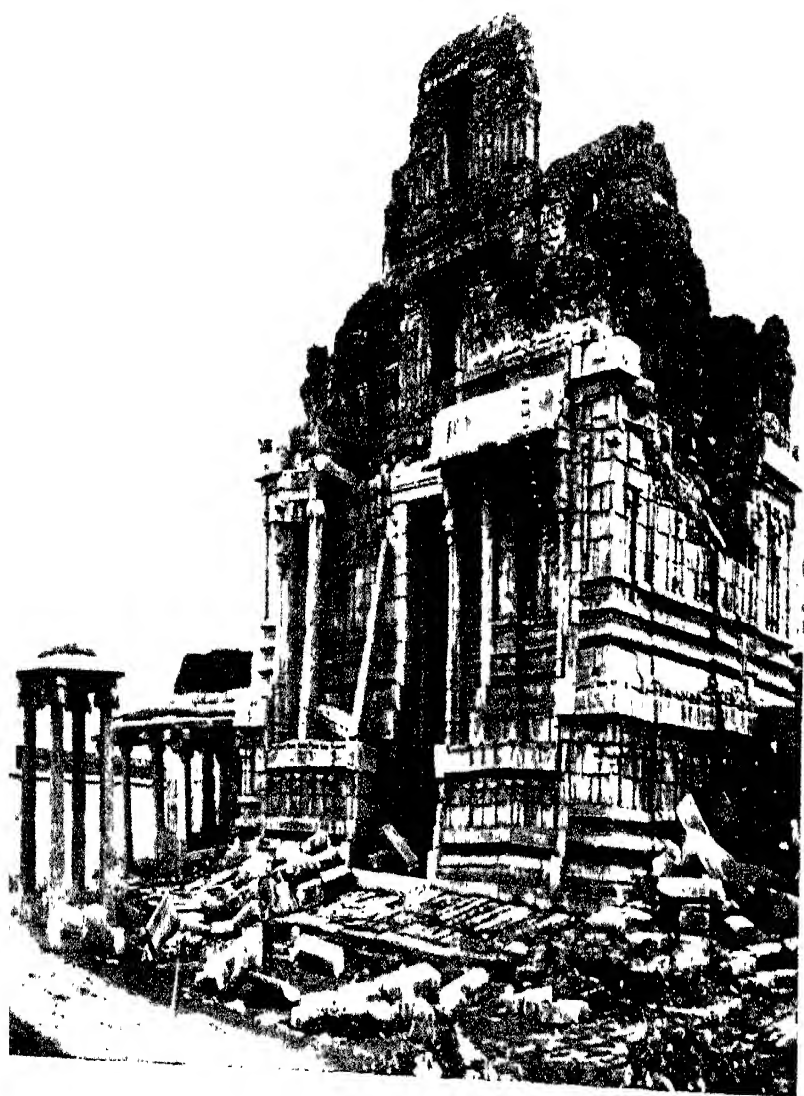
When the visitor reaches the second temple, the Kedareswara, deep will be his regret as he sees the result of past neglect. Fergusson, the authority above quoted, says of this building: 'If it were possible to illustrate this little temple in anything like completeness, there is probably nothing in India which would convey a better idea of what its architects were capable of accomplishing.' Some years ago it was noticed that a tree had rooted itself in the central shrine; no attempt was made to check its growth. The building became a ruin. Then, inspired by the revival of interest in ancient buildings, largely due to Lord Curzon's advocacy, the Government of Mysore decided to reconstruct the whole temple, if possible, in the capital city, Mysore. But this scheme was not feasible, and steps were taken to rebuild on the actual site. The recoverable stones were carefully labelled and replaced in their original position, the vacancies being filled by plain stones. This temple is star-shaped, having sixteen points, a carved conical roof and carvings of great beauty. These two temples alone cannot fail to give the impression that, in the height of its fame, Halebid must have been one of the glories of South India.

VIJAYANAGAR

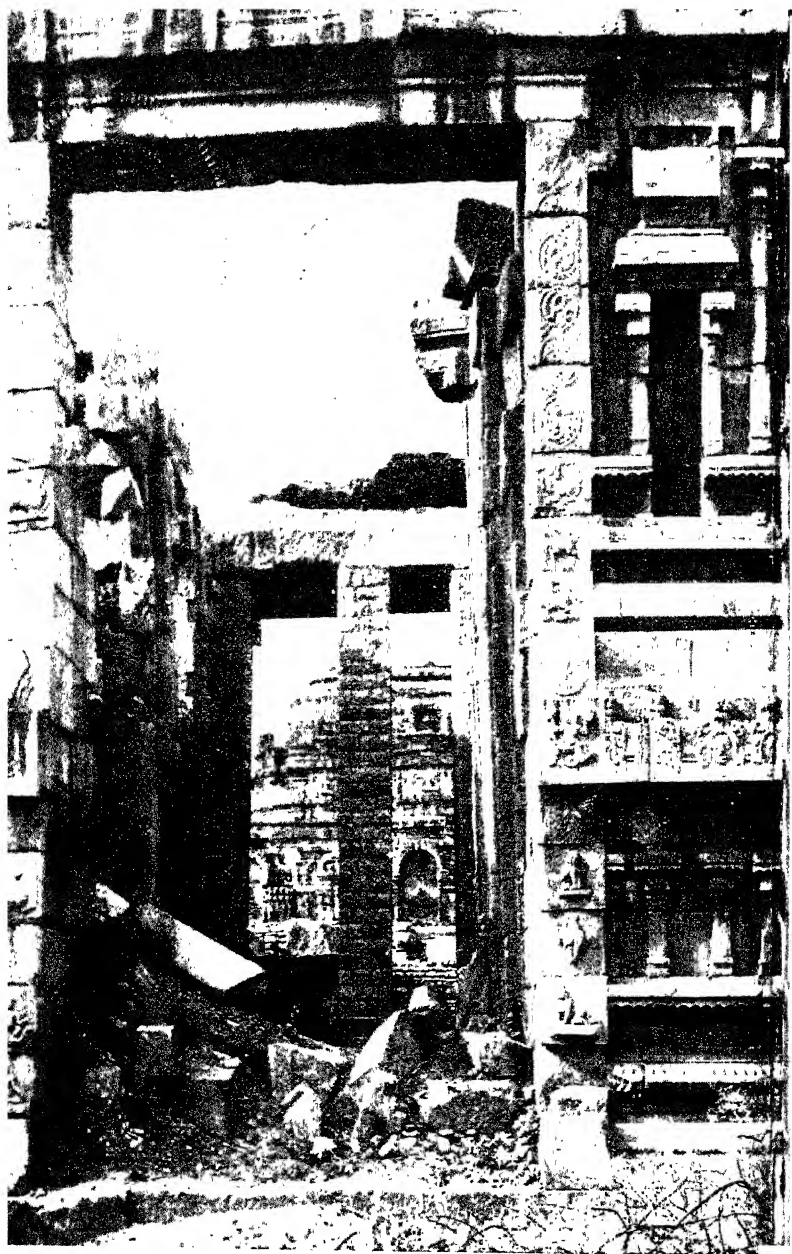
THE CITY OF VICTORY

IT is doubtful whether there is any place in the world which has witnessed such a complete destruction at the hands of the enemy as the city of Vijayanagar, once the proud capital of one of the greatest kingdoms in Indian history. European travellers of long ago can scarcely find language to describe the grandeur of this great city in the height of her glory. Within a few days of the defeat of the king by the Muhammadan hordes of the North, the city was one great ruin. And so it has remained until now. All traces, however, of the mighty city have not disappeared, for the most determined iconoclasts could not completely blot out the massive buildings which had been erected in the years of Vijayanagar's greatness. The remains cover an area of over nine square miles, but judging by the fortifications and gateways it must have extended over twenty miles in one direction. One cannot fail to be impressed by the tragedy of the fallen city; yet Vijayanagar is not without a measure of greatness in her lowly state, and visitors will find much to interest them.

It is not always easy to imagine the scenes of resplendent glory associated with the courts of an ancient ruler, when all around is nothing but the decaying monuments of that glory. But in Vijayanagar one can, provided one has delved deep into those fascinating accounts of the European ambassadors, obtain some idea of how the kings and queens of those days passed their lives in splendour. Here is a vast enclosure, with its walls partially broken down, with its watch towers in the corners, which bring to mind stories of zenana intrigues; here is a ruined building known as the Royal Baths; not far away is a temple, still a massive structure, but with all its carvings shattered by the ruthless Muhammadans who missed no opportunity of destroying the emblems of Hindu faith: here we come across the remains of one of the



RUINS OF KRISHNASWAMI TEMPLE, VIJAYANAGAR



SAIYANA TEMPLE, VIJAYANAGAR

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many gateways built for the protection of the city. All around ruins are to be seen where once there was a teeming population engaged in a most lucrative trade, proud of the great prestige in which their city was held.

This chapter might be devoted to a description of the ruins, but such a course would not give any real impression of the greatness and wonder of the city before its fall. It is necessary once more to resort to the writings of those who visited Vijayanagar when it was 'the best provided city in the world.' The Persian Ambassador, Abdur Rassack, who visited the city in 1442, affords us contemporary testimony. He declared that 'the pupil of the eye has never seen a place like it and the ear of intelligence has never been informed that there existed anything to equal it in the whole world.' The enthusiastic Domingos Paes, the Portuguese Ambassador, lived there in the early part of the sixteenth century and writes in his official account: 'I climbed a hill whence I could see a great part of it; what I saw from thence seemed to me as large as Rome and very beautiful to the sight; there are many groves of trees within it, in the gardens of the houses; and many conduits of water which flow into the midst of it, and in places there are lakes; and the king has, close to his palace a palm grove and other rich bearing trees. Below the Moorish quarter is a little river, and on this side are many orchards and gardens with many fruit trees. . . . The people in this city are countless in number, so much so that I do not wish to write it down for fear it should be thought fabulous; but I declare that no troops, horse or foot could break their way through any lane or street, so great are the numbers of the people and elephants.'

You can stand on the same hill to-day; you will still see the same river, but how changed the scene! There are no signs of the fruit gardens, or the great wide streets with their merchandise of every description in the shops. You may ramble over the ruins but of living beings you will meet none, unless it be a small group of wandering gipsies who still delve in the hope of finding buried treasure.

It is worth while to look at a few of the buildings still extant and to try to imagine the scenes that once took place. The

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Dasara Dibba, or the House of Victory, was one of the important buildings that made up the Palace, and here during the great festivals splendid ceremonies were witnessed. We are fortunate in possessing a long and interesting account by the above named Portuguese Ambassador, of the Dasara Festival at which he was an onlooker. 'This building was all hung with rich cloths, both the walls and the ceiling, as well as the supports, and the cloths on the walls were adorned with figures in the manner of embroidery; these buildings have two platforms one above the other, beautifully sculptured, with their sides well made and worked, to which platforms the sons of the king's favourites come for the feast!' On the occasion of the feast, the king is dressed with all the splendour of an oriental monarch; those who have seen what modern rulers in India, with their more limited resources, can do, will be able to form some idea of the splendour of the Vijayanagar king. The Ladies of the Palace were not a whit behind. 'Who can fitly describe to you the great riches these women carry on their persons? Collars of gold with so many diamonds and rubies and pearls, bracelets also on their arms and on their upper arms, girdles below, and of necessity anklets on their feet. The marvel should be otherwise that women of such a profession should obtain such wealth; but there are women among them who have so many maid servants that one cannot number all of them.'

The Vijayanagar rulers certainly did not limit themselves in regard to the number of wives they had. One king is said to have had no less than 12,000, of whom 4,000 used to follow him on foot wherever he might go, in order to serve in his kitchen. A similar number used to go on horseback, handsomely equipped, while the rest were carried in litters. Out of these he selected between two and three thousand as his wives, laying down the condition that at his death they should voluntarily burn themselves with him. History records that on more than one occasion hundreds of the women followed their dead king and husband to the funeral pyre.

A visit should be paid to the stables where the king kept a number of his finest elephants, of which he had several

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thousand. He used them for fighting purposes as well as on ceremonial occasions. When used in battle the animals were clad in ornamental plates of steel, and large scythes were attached to the trunks and tusks, a truly terrible foe. The stables form a handsome building with domed roof and arched entrances in the Muhammadan style.

In several parts of the ruins can be seen groups of stones which mark the places where women have committed *sati*, not in hundreds, as in the case of the wives of the king, but in ones and twos. These stones, on which are figures of the faithful women who have suffered this act of self immolation in order to accompany their husbands into the next world, are pathetic reminders of a feature of Indian life which is now happily a thing of the past.

One of the most formidable structures to be seen here is the statue of Narasimha, that strange representation which is supposed to express a Hindu conception of the deity. It was hewn from a single stone in 1528 in the time of Krishna Deva Raya, perhaps the greatest of the rulers of this kingdom. It is 22 feet high. When the city was overthrown the invaders disfigured the image, thus adding to its fierce appearance.

The village of Hampi is the only part of the old city still inhabited, and here there are several large temples. Few houses remain. But so sacred is this place on the Tungabhadra River, that every year, on the occasion of the great festival, thousands come from great distances to take part. The temple car is dragged up the street which was once upon a time filled with shops in which the richest materials from every country could be bought. To-day, it is a mere grass covered pathway, with ruined houses on each side, the abode of snakes.

Reference must now be made to the final destruction of this city which fell almost in a day. For many years the Muhammadan kings to the north of Vijayanagar had been at enmity with the Hindu king, and they now sought an opportunity to overthrow him. Many attempts failed, but in 1565 the armies met at Talikota, a name destined to be for ever celebrated in the annals of South India, for here the great bulwark against Moslem aggression was broken down. Mighty forces were engaged, the Vijayanagar army alone having

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900,000 infantry, 45,000 cavalry, 2,000 elephants, and 15,000 auxiliaries. In order to encourage his men, the Vijayanagar king seated himself on 'a rich throne set with jewels, under a canopy of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold, and adorned with fringes of pearls.' But it was of no avail. When the Muhammadans fired off their artillery, charged with bags of copper coins which destroyed no less than 5,000 of the enemy, the Hindu army broke and fled. Panic followed and the victorious Muhammadan army pursuing the broken hordes, completed the work of destruction. Those who succeeded in reaching the city before the victors entered hastily gathered together the wealth of the palace and escaped with 'five hundred elephants, laden with gold, diamonds and precious stones valued at more than a hundred million sterling (!) and carrying the State insignia and the celebrated jewelled throne of the kings.'

For three or four weeks the city was given over to loot and destruction, and the result of several centuries of hard work was laid in ruins to be for evermore a scene of desolation.

'Never, perhaps in the history of the world,' says Sewell, the historian of this empire, 'has such havoc been wrought, and wrought so suddenly, on so splendid a city; teeming with a wealthy and industrious population, in the full plenitude of prosperity one day, and on the next seized, pillaged, and reduced to ruins, amid scenes and horrors begging description.'

III

THE MUHAMMADAN PERIOD

OLD DELHI

REMAINS OF SEVEN CITIES

TO the south of the modern city of Delhi there is a wide plain, covering an area of nearly fifty square miles. Scattered over this plain are the remains of seven cities, built by different kings, over a long period of time and deserted for one reason or another. Of some of these cities comparatively little remains and the records are also very meagre. The oldest were two forts or cities built during the Hindu period; the rest were built by Muhammadan kings who reigned from the year A.D. 1304. Our knowledge of the period of history covered by these successive cities is so limited that in most cases we have no clue as to the reason why they were left to become ruins. Doubtless the fortunes of war, the whims of rulers, and the unsuitability of the climate, were among the primary causes of their disappearance.

Of the early Hindu cities the memorials are very few. The fort of Indrapat, also called Purana Killa, is probably the remnant of a city that was built on the site of one of the most ancient places of which we have knowledge in Indian history, that of Indraprasta. Two Hindu forts, one built in A.D. 1052, and the other, in A.D. 1180 still exist in a very ruinous condition, but they give us very little help in our effort to imagine the conditions prevailing during that period. There is, however, one memorial of this Hindu period, that is of the greatest interest. In the neighbourhood of the Kutb Minar, one of the striking buildings erected during the Muhammadan era, there can be seen an iron pillar which is one of the most curious antiquities in India. This pillar is a solid shaft of wrought iron, about 16 inches in diameter and 23 feet 8 inches in length. And this was made, at least a thousand years ago, probably more, when in the west such an engineering feat was not dreamt of! The pillar is known as the 'Arm of Fame of Raja Dhava,' the king who conquered,

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with his own arm, a people named the Vahlikas. The inscription, which is in Sanscrit, states that, by this victory, he obtained 'an undivided sovereignty on the earth for a long period.'

When we come to the Muhammadan rule we find our information somewhat fuller, and the buildings are of a more imposing character. Whenever the invader was of the Moslem faith he deemed it his duty to destroy as many of the temples of the Hindu deities as he could, but he did not hesitate to use the materials from these buildings for his own mosques. Kutb-ud-din, originally a Turki slave, was the founder of the first Muhammadan Empire, with Delhi as the capital in A.D. 1206, and he has left behind buildings now mostly in ruins, which show that he was a man with a wonderful mastery of architecture. There are only the arches remaining of what must have been one of the finest mosques built in the country! The great minar or tower which is known by his name, is without doubt, the finest example of this type of structure known in India. By some, it is said that Kutb erected this column, which is 240 feet high, as a war memorial; others that it should serve as a place from which the muezzins should call the faithful to prayer in the name of God and the Prophet. We do not know who conceived the design of this tower, but on every hand there are evidences that the Muhammadan conqueror employed Hindu workmen to embellish the structure. The base diameter is 47 feet 3 inches and that of the top, about 9 feet. The tower rises in a succession of five storeys, the first three being of red sandstone with semi-circular flutings, and the two upper storeys faced with white marble. From time to time parts have been rebuilt. In 1803 the whole structure was in great danger of collapsing owing to an earthquake, but it was restored in 1829. In colour it appears as fresh to-day as when it was built seven centuries ago. It has been described as a 'pillar that might form part of the most tremendous temple in the world, yet stands quite seemly alone by reason of its surpassing bigness.' A very extensive view rewards the ambitious climber to the summit.

The city of Tughlakabad lies about four miles east of the Kutb Minar and dates from the beginning of the fourteenth

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century. The fort stands on a rocky height, and is built of massive blocks of stone, so large that it is believed they must have been quarried on the spot. But the old engineers seem to have had means by which they were able to convey large blocks over long distances, and though these blocks measured as much as 14 feet in length by 2 feet 2 inches in breadth and one foot in thickness the ability to move them was apparently possessed by these engineers of Tughlak. In the south-west angle of the city there can still be seen the ruins of an extensive palace. The walls are worthy of note. 'They slope rapidly inwards, as much as those of Egyptian buildings, and are without ornament, but the vast size, strength, and visible solidarity of the whole give to Tughlakabad an air of stern and massive grandeur that is both striking and impressive.' There are no less than thirteen gates in the walls of the city, and seven reservoirs. But this, like the other cities, is practically deserted. The tomb of the Emperor is the most imposing feature of the ruins. We do not know why Tughlak should have left his capital of Kut to found this new city which never seems to have been completed. But it is probable that he was possessed with that restless passion for change which characterized many of these early Muhammadan rulers in India. His son who followed him tried on two occasions to remove his capital from Delhi to Daulatabad, the story of which is told in another chapter. Not only was this ruler responsible for the cruel attempt to drive the people from their homes to the distant new capital, but stories are told of his atrocious deeds in his Delhi capital. On one occasion he ordered his army to surround an extensive tract of country, as if they were out for a hunt. He then gave orders that the circle should close toward the centre and that all within, mostly inoffensive peasants, should be slaughtered like wild beasts. His nephew and successor, Feroz Shah, tried to make amends for the evil deeds of his uncle. He sought out all those who had suffered at his uncle's hands, gave them a full recompense for their wrongs, and made them individually sign deeds of forgiveness for the ill-treatment they had received. These documents were then collected and placed in Muhammad's coffin in the hope

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that, at the last judgement, the efforts of his nephew to repair the wrongs he had committed, would be regarded as a justification, saving him from the terrors of the future punishment he would otherwise have experienced.

In turn Feroz deserted the city and led the inhabitants further north where he founded Ferozabad. Little besides ruins of the palace remind one of the greatness of this city. 'In the days of its splendour this palace, with its great façades overlaid with stucco and painted with bright colours, its broad terraces, its blue enamelled domes, and its stone spire encased in an envelope of gold, must have presented a *coup d'oeil* as strange as it was admirable, and it must have powerfully impressed the barbarous companions of Tamarlane when they gazed on it for the first time.' Of very great interest, from an archaeological point of view, is the famous Asokan pillar which is erected on the roof of the three storeyed building called the Kotila. This pillar is a monolith of pink sandstone, 42 feet in height and 11 feet thick. The pillar was brought a great distance from the foot of the Siwalik Hills, where the Jumna enters the plains, and the greatest skill must have been shown in transporting intact such a massive monolith. There are many inscriptions on the pillar which have now been deciphered by scholars, though they appear to have been beyond the knowledge of the learned men of Feroz's day. One of the most interesting of these inscriptions is the edict of Asoka prohibiting the taking of life. When the pillar was originally placed in position it must have been a very striking object, for it is recorded that on the top there was black and white stonework surmounted by a gilt pinnacle from which it received its name 'Golden Minaret.'

In turn, Ferozabad became a ruin. That Tartar freebooter, Tamarlane, entered the city at the head of his hordes and a general massacre followed. Some of the streets were made impassable by the heaps of dead. After watching the city go up in flames Tamarlane celebrated a feast in honour of his victory. So passed away another of the cities that once played an important part in the history of the Muhammadan rulers.

It was a characteristic of the Mughal rulers that the most imposing and permanent buildings of their reign should be

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the tombs in which they hoped their remains would rest. No follower of the prophet Muhammad will desecrate a tomb, so the ruler, strong in his confidence that one building, at least, would be respected, early began to select a suitable site. This he made into a garden planted with cypress trees, and erected a building which would afterward become his mausoleum. While alive he used it as his castle and home; when dead it became a fitting resting-place for himself and his family. Among the many fine buildings that give distinction to Indian architecture, none take a higher place than the tombs of the Muhammadan emperors. These rulers seem to have always kept the fact of death before them, and to have found a real satisfaction in conceiving and carrying out plans for the erection of worthy tombs. 'From the battle and the march, the angry struggle with intrigue and rival ambition, the fever of sensual pleasure, they turned to contemplate the silences to come. Life was hurried and broken, full of weariness and travail, menaced by murderous enmities. The mausoleum is the crowning achievement of Muhammadanism in the domain of art, more beautiful and distinctive even than the splendid mosques and palaces with which the Tartar kings enriched Agra and Delhi.'

Two examples of such mausoleums in the ruined cities on the Delhi plain may be mentioned. Humayon, after great hardships entered into possession of Delhi and became the second of the Mughals to rule over Hindustan. He did not long enjoy his prosperity for, the year after he came to the throne, he was descending some steps, when his foot slipped, and, falling down to the bottom he was killed. He was more fortunate than some rulers, for though he had not made any provision for a tomb in which to rest, his widow and his son Akbar decided to build the mausoleum which is still one of the landmarks in Old Delhi. In some respects it has never been surpassed as an example of Mughal art. It is built on a lofty square platform of red sand stone. The enclosure, once laid out in beautiful gardens, covers an area of about eleven acres. It took fifteen years to build. This is one of the few tombs that have been violated, for it was to this place Bahadur Shah, the Muhammadan ruler in Delhi when the Mutiny

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broke out, fled for sanctuary. Hodson, the leader of Hodson's Horse, took a small force, and in spite of the threats of the large crowd gathered there, entered the tomb, took the sons of the ruler and shot them on the spot, an act for which he was afterwards strongly reprimanded, though it was recognized in how difficult a situation he was placed.

The tomb of Saftar Jung is a fine building three storeys high, in the centre apartment of which is the marble cenotaph. It does not compare with that of Humayon which is not far distant, and shows how rapidly Muhammadan art began to deteriorate. In the tomb of this man who claimed the title of 'Piercer of battle ranks,' there is an inscription: 'However great and pompous man be in the presence of his fellow men, he is small and humble before God.' These Muhammadan rulers certainly did seem to speak in terms of humility, however little they showed in their actions.

Those cities of the Delhi plain have disappeared; the present Delhi was built by Shah Jahan in 1638 and has passed through many vicissitudes, but maintains its place in the affections of the people; and yet another Delhi is now slowly arising, the creation of the British Government which for so long has guided the destinies of that great nation.

DAULATABAD

A FORTRESS CAPITAL OF THE MUGHALS

STANDING on the summit of the Daulatabad Fort, dating from the thirteenth century and, situated eight miles from Aurungabad in the Bombay Presidency, a wide view of the surrounding country can be obtained; also of the walls that protected the extensive city on the plain when it was the proud capital of the Mughal Emperor. There still exists, near the fort, a small village, but apart from this there is little to remind one that once a large population dwelt within the shadow of the fortress walls.

Muhammad Shah Tughlak, the Emperor of Delhi, having decided to remove his capital from Delhi to this place which he thought would be more central for his wide kingdom, commenced to build great palaces and villas for his nobles, which he intended should excel anything in the old capital. The story of that attempt to transfer his capital from Delhi, over 600 miles distant, is one of the most tragic episodes in Indian history, for it was fraught with terrible sufferings to his subjects. Though the plan was not, in itself, an unwise one, the difficulties and hardships involved were too great a price to pay for the advantage to be gained from the change. The king forgot to allow for the natural dislike of any people to a forcible removal from their own homes. Stringent orders were passed that, within a limited time, every person residing in Delhi should make the long journey across the wild country separating the old and new capitals. The whole population, men, women, and children, with all their movable property were ordered to accompany their ruler to this unknown place. Arrangements were made for the provision of food and money for the journey, but these proved most inadequate. Trees were planted along the roads to give a fictitious splendour to the great procession. Every living thing, even cats and dogs had to leave the city. The journey was a terrible one and

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thousands died by the roadside. The traveller, Ibn Batuta, gives a pathetic account of the sufferings of the people. 'The Sultan ordered all the inhabitants to quit the place; and upon some delay being evinced, he made a proclamation stating that what person soever, being an inhabitant of the city should be found in any of the houses or streets, should receive condign punishment. Upon this they all went out; but his servants finding a blind man in one of the houses and a bedridden man in another, the Emperor commanded the bedridden man to be projected from a *balista* and the blind man to be dragged by his feet to Daulatabad, which is a distance of ten days, and he was so dragged; but, his limbs dropping off by the way, only one of his legs was brought to the place intended, and was then thrown into it, for the orders had been that they should go to this place.'

Though the Emperor poured out his great wealth in trying to make Daulatabad a beautiful city, nothing could compensate the people for the loss of their homesteads or incline them to love their new abode. Two years later the Emperor was forced to return to Delhi, which was now a vast deserted city, and he soon saw the hopelessness of trying to restore it to its former splendour. Again he returned to Daulatabad and the same piteous scenes were enacted, the crowds suffering great privations as they tramped wearily along the rough road. For seventeen years only did this city, with all its well laid out gardens and streets, its public buildings and palaces, witness the royal processions of this eccentric Emperor. The fort still stands as one of the finest examples of military defence in India.

Before the incident above related, Daulatabad, under the name of Deogiri, had been the scene of several interesting historical events. Ala-ud-din, an adventurous young soldier, having heard of the great riches of Deogiri, determined to possess himself of some of this wealth. He set out from his headquarters at Karra with a body of eight thousand horsemen, spreading the rumour that he had quarrelled with the Sultan of Delhi, his overlord, and was about to take service with a ruler in the south. He marched through the forests of the Vindhya Hills, suffering great hardships on the way,

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until he came to Deogiri, the ruler of which was totally unprepared to face the adventurer. The citadel was a weakly defended place, so Ala-ud-din quickly captured the city and drove the ruler to a neighbouring fort. He then announced that his force was but the advance guard of 20,000 Imperial troops sent by the Emperor to bring the country into submission. In the meantime his troops were engaged in plundering all the shops and houses of the city. At last the adventurer agreed to leave within a fortnight provided an adequate recompense was made. But the Hindu ruler determined to resist these demands and ordered that his fort should be filled with provisions. When, however, the bags were opened it was found that they contained, not grain, but salt, and he was forced to ask for terms. Ala-ud-din demanded and obtained a large ransom, so that his escapade proved highly successful.

When Ala-ud-din himself ascended the Mughal throne he carried on a successful campaign in the Deccan. Deogiri was again captured and from this place he sent forth several expeditions to the South of India, and quickly brought a large territory under his control. Doubtless, it was from this association with Deogiri that the later Mughal rulers had their interest aroused and ultimately selected it as the capital.

Little remains of the splendid city erected by Muhammad Tughlak save the straggling stretch of houses and huts near the fort; but even to-day the fortress still stands as a source of wonder to all who visit it. The great rock which 'towers to the sky' stands even when all the man-made structures have disappeared. The rulers felt it their duty to add continually to the strength of this fort, for never were they free from the fear of attack.

One of the official chroniclers of a later Mughal ruler gives the following general description of Daulatabad, the scene of so many stirring incidents. 'This lofty fortress, the ancient names of which were Deogiri and Dharagir, and which is now known as Daulatabad, is a mass of rock which raises its head to heaven. The rock has been scarped throughout its circumference, which measures five thousand legal yards, to a depth which ensures the retention of water in the ditch at

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the foot of the escarpment. The escarpment is so smooth and even that not a snake could scale it. Its height is 146 cubits and around its base a ditch 40 cubits in width and 30 feet in depth has been dug in the solid rock. This huge isolated conical rock is a great feature of the landscape and one cannot fail to be impressed by the apparently unscaleable rocks.' After a closer acquaintance with the fortifications it is clear that only famine or treachery could ever give an invader an entrance. If we wish to visit the fort we must pass through the small village, along the road that must at one time have been the principal street of the capital, and by the side of which may still be seen the ruins of old palaces, and the remnants of the walls which formed the outer defences of the citadel. Near the base of the hill is a memorial minaret, erected to commemorate the first capture of the fort by the Muhammadans in 1335. Before we reach the actual ditch separating the rock from the surrounding town we must pass through four strong protecting walls. This is the only way of gaining access to the fort. Standing near the ditch and looking at the defences one gains an impression of its real strength. The fosse is crossed by a narrow stone causeway which leads to a passage ending in a large vault in the interior. The passage is about ten feet high and a torch is necessary to light the way. Several strong gates are passed, each of which afforded protection when guarded by armed men on the battlements. Several mosques and temples are still extant. The fifth gateway leads to a platform which extends partly round the hill. On it is a building in which, after the fall of Golconda in A.D. 1686, the valiant king, Abdul Hasan, was imprisoned by order of the Emperor Aurungzebe, for thirteen years.

From this point we may ascend one of the several bastions in the fort, where is placed an old piece of artillery of the type used by the Muhammadans at this period. Having passed through the outer defences of the fort we now cross a footbridge which is the dividing line between the outer and inner lines of defence. As we approach this we get some idea of the wonderful scarpd rock which makes this fort one of the most interesting in India. With infinite pains and labour

DAULATABAD

the workmen must have toiled at the task. All round the base of the hill, for a height of over 1,000 feet, the rock has been cut sheer away, leaving the sides perpendicular. As we look at it we can well believe that 'not even an ant could ascend its sides.' After crossing the ditch we reach the citadel, the final defence of the fort. The ruins of an ancient palace, a reminder of the old days when a Hindu ruled in Deogiri, may be seen. On entering the citadel the skill with which the Muhammadans, who were responsible for the greater part of the defence works, carried out their task is evident. By means of rock-cut passages and flights of steps we readily ascend the hill until we reach a platform from which a fine view of the open plain may be obtained. Still further we must ascend before we reach the place where a last stand might be made by the defenders. Another tunnel has been cut through the solid rock and access to it is prevented by a large iron gateway, consisting of bars twenty feet long and one inch thick. When an attack was made this gateway was made red-hot by means of a fire placed on the inner side, thus effectively barring the way. A large hole had been made in the roof to provide the necessary ventilation. Had any invaders succeeded in reaching this point it is difficult to see how they could have overcome this last barrier.

'The Barahdari, on the next level, was the favourite resort of the Mughal emperors when they visited the fortress. The summit is but 100 feet beyond this summer palace. On the platform can be seen a fine old gun known as the "Creator of Storms." According to Tavernier, one of the old European travellers to India, this gun was placed in this position by a European artilleryman who was promised permission to return to his native land if he could mount the gun on this high spot. The gun is nearly 20 feet long with a bore of 7 inches. How did the artilleryman manage to bring this piece of ordnance through the long narrow passages we have described? It is not easy to answer the question. The success that attended his efforts was well deserved. The gun affords an interesting example of the primitive methods of manipulation in those days. It is fixed in a strong wooden cradle, which rests on a square block of wood. In the centre of this is a

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pivot which moves in a slot in the floor of the platform. This gave the gun a range on three sides only. In the middle ages there was not the same need for rapid adjustment and alteration of position as in modern warfare, so the crude mechanism would not be any serious drawback to its effective use. There is another gun on a lower platform, made of gun metal and excellently engraved. These two guns are in a good state of preservation though they have been exposed to the weather for several centuries. The stately palaces and beautiful gardens that graced the once famous Mughal capital have not stood the test of time so well.'

GOLCONDA

A HYDERABAD STRONGHOLD

THE name of Golconda is familiar to many readers, for is it not associated in our minds with the wonderful diamonds known by that name, even though the jewels were never actually found there, but only brought by the diggers and merchants for sale in the capital of the mighty Deccan ruler? Then, too, the story of the final defence of the citadel against Aurungzebe has thrilled every one who has read the history of the conquest of the Deccan by the Mughal ruler. The glory of Golconda has departed. Yet no one can walk over its ruins without catching something of the wonderful spirit of courage and romance that pervades the place.

The attractions of Hyderabad led a later ruler to found a new city, and the old capital of Golconda was practically deserted, though he was glad to have the place as a refuge when he was threatened by the enemy. Hyderabad, the new capital, was unfortified, and on more than one occasion the ruler resorted to the fort for protection. The day came, however, when the ambitious Aurungzebe determined that the power of the Deccan ruler should be broken. After the final defence by the ruling prince, Abdul Hasan, in A.D. 1687, Golconda has steadily decayed. Even to-day, it retains a semblance of the past, in that it is still guarded by the troops of the Nizam.

Many distinguished visitors have set down their impressions of the fort and surrounding buildings. Those who saw Golconda when she was at the height of her power had a story to tell of flourishing trade and a prosperous population; visitors to-day, though they will see little to remind them of those splendours, will be impressed by the natural strength of the old fort. In his book of sketches on Indian places and people, G. W. Stevens tells of a visit to Golconda. 'You drive through the littered Titan toys till you find yourself heading

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for one higher still. It looks like the rest of them—a dump heap of the world's raw material—till suddenly you are driving through a lofty arched gate with guard houses. Inside are lines, some ruinous, some alive with soldiers and soldiers' families; you drive and drive through a great city. Presently another tall gateway, with more guard houses; you go through, and are at the foot of the hill. Then you see it is only half a hill and half a building. Men have filled up the gaps in God's dump-heap. You doubt which is the ruder and more massive—man's work or Nature's. But when you struggle to the top you see that Nature is avenged of her improvers. Nature's chaos still stands; man's is as chaotic, and less stable.'

Looking down you can see how extensive the ruins are. There only remain huge boulders and in between some parts of the walls built by man. Most of the buildings have disappeared. There are, however, steps leading to the summit of the hill, and though here and there they are broken, by means of them you can pass from the lower to the higher platforms. There are the remains of a palace on the top, and here and there large pieces of artillery, used in the last defence of the fort, can still be seen. Golconda is indeed a dead city. Not far away, on the plains below, stand the tombs where, at least, the rulers found a resting-place which has a measure of permanence about it. Here lie the remains of the Qutb Shah kings, who for 170 years ruled this kingdom and lived in pomp and power; we shall look in vain for any memorials of the simple folk who played their part in the history of Golconda.

How alive this deserted city must have been is evident when we read the records of her history. Space must be found for one or two incidents. After the Muhammadan ruler had developed the small mud fort he found there, he devoted much thought to the means whereby it should serve him in time of war. He constructed a large storehouse within the citadel so that, in case of a siege, the army inside could withstand the pressure of the enemy. On the occasion of the last siege which resulted in the downfall of Golconda, this store-house proved of the greatest service, for while the troops of the Emperor were suffering bitter privations on the plains

GOLCONDA

below, the soldiers in the citadel were enjoying full rations. When Abdul Hasan, the ruling prince, heard that Aurungzebe had determined to attack him he fled suddenly by night from his capital city of Hyderabad to the old fortress, carrying with him all the jewels he could find, together with the slaves of his harem. He made every effort to buy off the Emperor with gifts, but the Emperor could not be turned from his purpose. Seeing that submission availed nothing Abdul Hasan began to prepare to meet his foe and to make him pay heavily for his victory. Many stirring accounts have been written of this siege. Major T. W. Haig describes the efforts of the Emperor to break through the defences of the fort, and the gradual desertion of the stalwart defender by his nobles.

‘These defections had no immediate effect on the duration of the siege, which continued to drag its slow length along, for the fortress was so well found both in guns and ammunition that the besieged were able to maintain an almost unceasing fire of artillery and rockets. So heavy was the smoke that it was impossible to distinguish day from night, and scarcely a day passed on which there were not numerous casualties in the trenches.’ The besiegers showed great bravery, and time after time they made bold attacks only to be thrown back again with great loss. A story is told of how the ladders and escalading parties were all ready to make a determined attempt to enter the fort, when just as they reached the parapet a dog, which was wandering over the place, began to bark, thus rousing the soldiers. Realizing their danger they prepared to defend themselves. The besiegers were forced back and once more had to admit defeat. Abdul, on hearing of the service rendered by the dog, provided it with a gold collar, a jewelled chain and a coat of cloth-of-gold; he also gave instructions that it should always be kept in the royal presence.

But there was treachery in the fort. One after another of his nobles deserted their ruler, and soon a way was found for giving access to the attacking forces. A hard fight followed and Abdul had to submit. But in that submission there was nothing to suggest cowardice, for never did he hold himself

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more like a true ruler. He arrayed himself in his finest jewels and went forth to meet the envoy of the Emperor who received him courteously. The fallen prince, the last of Golconda, ended his days a prisoner in the fort of Daulatabad, another of the deserted cities described in this book.

BIJAPUR

THE PALMYRA OF THE DECCAN

FOR two hundred years the city of Bijapur was the premier city of the Deccan, and evidences of its former greatness are still to be seen on every hand. Despite the ravages of time and the vandalism of predatory tribes in search of plunder and hidden treasure many of the wonderful buildings erected by the Muhammadan rulers are in a good state of preservation. The way in which these structures, palaces, tombs and mosques, have withstood these destructive forces is a high tribute to the architects and to the good quality of the material used.

From the foundation of the kingdom in the fifteenth century to the following century there was a rapid development in the growth of the city. It was in the latter century, during the reign of Ali Adil Shah, that some of the most conspicuous buildings were erected. Ibrahim Adil Shah and Muhammad Adil Shah both left their mark on the architecture of the city. It was during the reign of the latter that Sivaji, the Mahratta chieftain began to give trouble to the Bijapur ruler. Gradually the power of the kingdom decreased and it was finally overthrown by Aurungzebe in 1686 after which it ceased to be an independent State. The Mahrattas took possession at a later date and held it till 1818, when it passed under the control of the Raja of Satara. In 1848 it lapsed to the British Government, which has since been responsible for its administration. Such, in brief, is the outline of the history of this city which, though still inhabited by a considerable number of people, can truly be described as a deserted city, when its present state is compared with those halcyon days, when it was the centre of pomp and ceremony and the abode of rulers and nobles.

The most striking building in the city is that known as the Gol Gombaz, the tomb of Muhammad Adil Shah. There

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was always considerable rivalry among Mughal rulers as to which should erect the most striking mausoleum in which his bones should rest. The erection of tombs for themselves and their wives was a hobby, and much time was spent in trying to find some new form of architecture in which to display their skill in building. Realizing that he could not excel in beauty the tomb that had been erected by his father—the Ibrahaim Rauza—with its wonderful domes and minarets, he decided to substitute quantity for quality. He succeeded in erecting a building which towers over the city and is a landmark for many miles around. Its dome covers a larger area than any other in the world. The internal area of the tomb is 18,825 square feet while that of the Pantheon in Rome is only 15,833 square feet. Inside the dome there is a whispering gallery, even the softest whisper being heard most distinctly on the opposite side. The tomb itself is built on a platform 600 feet square and two feet high. Here lie the remains of the builder regarding whom there are three inscriptions over the entrance: 'Sultan Muhammad, inhabitant of Paradise,' 'Muhammad whose end was commendable,' 'Muhammad, became a particle of heaven.' The date of his death is given three times, A.D. 1659.

The tomb of Ibrahim II Adil Shah, situated in most lovely surroundings, on the east of the Makka gate and raised on a high platform, is a building worthy of the highest Muhammadan architecture. There is nothing to excel this in Bijapur. Around the sepulchral chambers, where are the graves of Ibrahim, his queen and four other members of his family, are beautiful specimens of perforated stone-work. The windows are filled with Arabic writing. Over the door is the following inscription:

'Heaven stood astonished at the elevation of this building, and it might be said, when its head rose from the earth, that another heaven was erected. The garden of Paradise has borrowed its beauty from this garden, and every column here is graceful as the cyprus tree in the garden of Purity. An angel from Heaven announced the date of the structure by saying, "This building which makes the heart glad, is a memorial of Taj Sultan".' It has been truly said that this

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tomb is the most chaste in design and classical in execution of all the works the Bijapur sovereigns left behind them. It is doubtful whether there is anything in India to surpass the marvellous lattice-work windows round the tomb. The cost is said to have been about £70,000, which in those days must have been a great sum.

One of the most interesting buildings is the Mehta Mahal, interesting because of its beauty and the legend associated with its erection. It is a tall square tower, surmounted with minarets. Above the gateway are some striking windows decorated with ornate carving in stone of the most delicate workmanship. A legend states that this Mahal was built by a man of the sweeper caste, generally considered to be the most despised section of the community. By a strange turn of fortune he was enriched by a large gift from the king who had made a vow to pay this sum of money to the first individual he met on leaving his palace in the early morning. This vow had been made on the advice of his astrologer who himself hoped to be the recipient. But the king rose earlier than the astrologer expected and the sweeper, on his early rounds, was the first to meet the king. He was so overwhelmed by the immensity of his fortune that he did not know what to do with it. He decided to build the sweeper's palace, as it is called.

On the fortifications of the city are preserved several interesting examples of artillery. The Malik-i-Maidan, or 'Monarch of the Plains,' is unique. It is a huge piece of ordnance cast in gun or bell metal, more like a huge howitzer than a cannon. It measures 14 feet in length, with a maximum diameter of over four feet. The bore is 2 feet 4 inches. One can scarcely imagine the possibility of very accurate marksmanship with such a weapon, yet it has been credited with several wonderful performances, the truth of which it is difficult to believe. The best story is perhaps the following. It is said that during the siege of the town the Emperor Aurungzebe was observed from the walls of the city by Sikandar, seated by the cistern in the Ibrahim Rauza, washing his feet before going into the mosque to pray. Seeing his foe at his mercy he ordered his gunner, Gulamdas, to charge the Malik-i-Maidan with ball

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and fire at the Emperor. The gunner, however, was unwilling to take the life of the Emperor, but he had to obey orders. So that Sikandar would really believe that he had tried, he aimed so near Aurungzebe that he knocked the vessel he was using out of his hand without injuring him! Considering the distance, which is fully half a mile, and the short spreading bore of the gun, this is a story worth recording for the very impudent assurance with which it is told. This grand old piece of artillery nearly met a sad fate in 1854 when, by order of the Satara Commissioner, all the useless stock was to be put up for sale. As the highest bid for this gun was one hundred and fifty rupees (£10), the officer in charge of the sale reported the matter to the Commissioner, stating in what veneration the gun was held. The sale was cancelled and the gun retained.

The city was surrounded by a fortified wall, consisting of bastions with their connecting curtain walls, and five principal gates with their flanking bastions. Upon some of these bastions, which are generally semi-circular in plan, guns were mounted on platforms. When originally built no protection was afforded to the gunners, a defect remedied later by adding a low shelter wall round the crest of the bastion. The short distance between the wall and the gun was in all probability filled up with some solid substance to prevent the recoil of the gun injuring the pivot on which it turned. Outside the walls, and running nearly the whole length of them, was a moat of considerable depth.

The Juma Musjid is a fine mosque, covering an area of 91,000 square feet, and possesses a dome of very beautiful proportions. The interior, like that of most mosques, is severely plain, but the whole front and recess of the *mehrab* is covered with rich gilding upon a coloured background. When the thick curtain in front of this is moved aside a scene of gorgeous splendour meets the eye. Some interesting inscriptions have been placed here.

‘Place no trust in life; it is but brief.’

‘There is no rest in this transitory world.’

‘The world is very pleasing to the senses.’

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‘Life is the best of all gifts, but it is not lasting.’

‘Malik Yaqub, a servant of the mosque, and the slave of Sultan Muhammad completed this mosque.’

‘This gilding and ornamental work was done by order of the Sultan Muhammad Adil Shah, A.D. 1636.’

Reference has been made to the important place the question of providing an adequate tomb plays in the life of a Muhammadan ruler. From the beginning of his reign he begins to accumulate large sums so that the work may be put in hand as soon as possible. Apart from the desire to build something that will add to his prestige he also knows that unless he himself completes the tomb it will never be finished. His successor, even though it be his own son, will have to think about his own. In the ruins of Bijapur are several structures in an unfinished state, but giving clear evidence that the conception of the architect was something beautiful. These are tombs that were begun but never completed because the builder died before his dream materialized.

In the vicinity of what is known as the Citadel, there is a building called the Gagan Mahal or Hall of Audience, with a central arch of 60 feet, the scene of many a stirring incident in the history of the city. In the Asar Mahal, the most sacred building in the town, there is a box supposed to contain a relic of the Prophet himself, two hairs of his beard. Some years ago robbers rifled the box, but it is not known whether the relics were removed or not, as it was thought the best policy not to examine the interior lest, if they had disappeared, the devout would cease to bring their offerings to the authorities of the mosque. Such a source of income could not be jeopardized by undue inquisitiveness!

Meadows Taylor, the historian, has given a fine description of the scene of desolation presented by this partially deserted city. ‘But mournful as it is, this picturesque beauty of the combination of the buildings, the fine old tamarind and peepul trees, the hoary ruins, and distant view of the most perfect edifices, combine to produce an ever-changing and impressive series of landscapes. It is not by the grandeur of

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the edifices now perfect, noble as they are, that the imagination is so much filled, as by the countless other objects in ruin, which far exceed them in number. Palaces, arches, tombs, cisterns, gateways, minarets, all carved from the rich brown basalt rock of the locality, garlanded by creepers, broken and disjointed by peepul or banyan trees, each in its turn, is a gem of art, and the whole a treasury to the sketcher or artist. . . . Inspired by the effect of these beautiful ruins with the glory of an Indian sun lighting up palace and mosque, prison and zenana, embattled tower and rampart, with a splendour which can only be felt by personal experience, it may be hoped that some eloquent and poetic pen may be found to gather up the fleeting memorials of traditions which are fast passing away and invest them with a classic interest that will be imperishable.'

Though Bijapur appears to be less deserted than when these words were written, the greater part is still waste land strewn with ruins of the houses that once occupied almost every part. Between the fallen walls the old roads can still be traced, though the prickly pear, in spite of the efforts of the authorities to check its growth, maintains its grip on these roads along which, in the heyday of the city's history, great princes rode in splendour.

GAUR AND PANDUA

MUHAMMADAN CAPITALS OF BENGAL

WHEN the Muhammadan power was at its height in the Bengal District, between the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, several noble cities were built, which to-day, are practically merged in the jungle. For a long period after the cities were deserted nothing was done to preserve the imposing buildings from utter ruin, and these once well-populated areas became the home of wild beasts. Steps have now been taken by the Government to clear away some of the debris and to restore some of the finest structures which are a striking evidence of the high skill of the builders of that period.

Gaur was the metropolis of Bengal under its Hindu kings, when it was known as Laksmanavati, but of this period we have little information. Its known history begins with its conquest in A.D. 1204 by the Muhammadans; in A.D. 1537 it was sacked by the Afghan ruler of Bihar who made Pandua, some twenty miles north east of Gaur, his capital, using the materials from the buildings in Gaur for the construction of his palaces and mosques. A road paved with brick, from 12 to 15 feet wide, passes through the city. A bridge of three arches, now in ruins, was also made from the stones brought from the original capital. Pandua, in turn, was deserted and the ruler returned to Gaur which again became the capital, being known as Jannatabad, 'terrestrial Paradise.' Thus did these fickle rulers move their capital backwards and forwards according to their whim, quite indifferent as to the amount of suffering thus caused to their subjects. The kingdom was finally absorbed into Akbar's empire toward the end of the sixteenth century.

Very soon after, plague ravaged the city and destroyed both army and people. From this time it was deserted and the splendid buildings were quickly buried by the jungle.

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When once a community becomes convinced that their town or village is the object of the wrath of the goddess of plague or other epidemic diseases they fear to enter the stricken district again. For many years Gaur became a quarry from which the builders in all the surrounding villages procured the materials for their houses. It is interesting to note that, when the British Government decided to erect St. John's church, the earliest Protestant church in Calcutta, it was intended to use the great masses of marble which lay scattered about Gaur. But it was not deemed fitting that the materials from buildings dedicated to another faith should be used in the erection of a Christian place of worship. Though they were not used for this particular purpose, the undertakers of the city are said to have procured most of the stones required for monuments from this place.

No one visiting Gaur and Pandua to-day, in spite of the extensive work of reclamation carried on by the Government, could possibly realize the magnificence of these cities when they were inhabited. 'The traditions that have been handed down of the wealth and magnificence of Gaur would appear almost fabulous, did not the immense space covered by its ruins, the extent of its walls, the fine proportion of its gateways and the elaborate architecture of its public buildings and palaces, all bear testimony that the traditions, in this case, are no fiction.' A Portuguese historian, Faria-y-Souza, describes it as containing at least one million inhabitants and so crowded at the time of religious festivals and processions that numbers of people were trodden to death.

A recent writer on Indian architecture, E. V. Havell, says: 'It is difficult to realize from the comparatively few ruined buildings which now remain of the once great city of Gaur that its influence on the building craft of north and west India, both before and after the Muhammadan conquest must have been far greater than that of any city in Persia, Arabia, or Mesopotamia.'

A few of the most important buildings may be mentioned. The Sona Musjid, or Golden Mosque, is perhaps the finest memorial in Gaur. It has an arched corridor running along the whole front of the original building, a considerable portion

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of which is still standing. It is 180 feet long and 80 feet wide and is surmounted by eight domes. Huge peepul trees were allowed to grow in every crevice which effected serious damage to the structure, but much has been done to prevent further deterioration. Major Francklin says of this mosque: 'The whole appearance of this building is strikingly grand, exhibiting the taste and munificence of the Prince who erected it. It is extraordinary that more notice has not been taken of it by travellers who have visited the spot.' Other smaller mosques, palaces and tombs abound, though in a bad state of repair.

There is a celebrated piece of artificial water, known as the Saugar Digi, 1,600 yards long and 800 yards broad which was made in A.D. 1126 during the Hindu occupation. There are six ghats or landing places which present a beautiful scene, for the high banks formed by excavation are densely wooded to the water's edge which is overgrown with rank tall grass. The water in this lake, which is still pure and sweet, is unlike that in a smaller reservoir known as the Piayaswari, 'The Abode of Thirst,' which was of so evil a taste that it was given to criminals to drink.

There is an interesting column known as Firoz Minar which is associated with a Muhammadan saint, Pir Asa. This has a chamber at the top to which access was gained by a winding stair. For two thirds of the height it is a polygon of twelve sides; above that it is circular until it reaches a height of 84 feet. It is very suggestive of the round towers of Ireland. Locally, it is believed that the saint whose name is associated with it, lived on the top of the minar in the manner of Simon Stylites.

Imposing as these buildings are it is only when one rambles over the wide area once covered by the city that the wonder of the place dawns on one. The dimensions of the city proper within the continuous embankment, are seven and a half miles from north to south and from one to two miles broad. There were also extensive suburbs stretching for over 20 miles. The boundary embankment is a wonderful piece of work being 40 feet high and 200 feet thick at the base. The roads are metalled.

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Though deserted, this ancient city is still visited on certain occasions as the part known as Sadulapur Ghat is a place of peculiar sanctity to Hindus, for even during the period of Muhammadan rule it was strictly reserved for the performance of Hindu rites, and as a burning place for the dead. But Gaur to-day is a 'lamentable wreck of its former elegance and grandeur.'

The extent and size of the ruins in the sister capital of Pandua are not comparable with those of Gaur. The building called Eklakhi is one of the finest examples of a Bengal tomb. It contains the remains of Ghiasu-din, his wife and daughter-in-law, members of the Royal House who played an important part in the history of the kingdom. The great mosque, Adina Musjid, is also a fine example of Mughal architecture. Nowhere does one get a more melancholy impression of the ravages of time and vandalism than in these two long deserted cities in Bengal.

FATEHPUR SIKRI

SUMMER CAPITAL OF AKBAR

IT remains a mystery to this day why the Emperor Akbar abandoned the wonderful city of Fatehpur Sikri, some twenty miles from his capital, Agra, after adorning it with some of the finest buildings in his kingdom. The general supposition is that he found the water supply altogether unsatisfactory and inadequate for the magnificent capital he had contemplated. Probably this is the main reason why he found it necessary to return to Agra, leaving the great palaces and royal buildings to fall into disuse. 'Scarcely was the costly toy made than it was thrown aside to be abandoned on its dust heap ever since.' If it is true that the Emperor, so wise in most things connected with his kingdom, selected this particular place, and undertook such heavy expenditure without carefully considering the possibilities of the water supply, then this act must surely be described as the greatest folly of his reign. But, in the East, there are so many instances of projects that have been begun on account of some curious superstition, that we are not at all surprised to find that legend credits the building of Fatehpur Sikri to an incident which is truly typical of the East. On one occasion, so the legend says, Akbar was returning from a hunt in the neighbouring forest, and, as he halted at the foot of the hill, he heard that on the summit resided a great saint, by name, Sheikh Salim Chisti. In the course of the interview with the holy man Akbar learned that, provided he took up his abode in this particular spot, a son and heir would be granted to him. The Emperor consented, and to the childless royal pair was given a son, who was called Salim, which name he bore till he mounted the throne as the Emperor Jehangir. So delighted was the Emperor with the fulfilment of the prophecy that he immediately gave orders to all his nobles to erect palaces in the new district, and there was built the wonder city of Fatehpur

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Sikri, the finest of the many deserted cities scattered over India. In some respects, the buildings appear as if they had been built yesterday, and are just awaiting their owners to take up their residence. That it has known no residents for over three hundred years it is difficult to believe. There the palaces, mosques, and houses still stand, preserved in a marvellous way through these centuries, and yet, save for a few caretakers, the whole of that dead city is uninhabited. The visitor to Fatehpur Sikri feels that at every turn he may come across some royal procession, some evidence of the gay times associated with the reign of the Emperor.

Akbar stands out as one of the greatest, if not the greatest of Indian rulers. Not only did he build magnificent palaces but he ruled the country with wisdom. He was deeply interested in every branch of knowledge, devoting a considerable part of each day to the study of the books available, and discussing with the learned men who visited his land the many problems of science and philosophy. 'Every day some capable person reads to his Majesty, who hears every book from beginning to end. He always marks with the date of the month the place where he leaves off. There is hardly a work of science, of genius, or of history but has been read to his Majesty, and he is not tired with hearing them repeated, but always listens with great avidity.' He encouraged others to study and even arranged for the compilation of a history of the previous thousand years. Portraits of court officials were executed by his artists so that 'the past are kept in lively remembrance and the present are insured immortality.' 'It is his Majesty's constant endeavour to gain and secure the hearts of all men. Amid a thousand cares he suffers not his temper to be in any degree disturbed, but it is always cheerful. He is ever striving to do that which may be most acceptable to the Deity, and employs his mind on profound and abstract speculations. From his thirst after wisdom he is continually labouring to benefit by the knowledge of others, while he makes no account of his own sagacious administration. He listens to what everybody has to say. But although a long period has elapsed in this practice, he has never met with a person whose judgement he could prefer to his own.' Akbar appears to

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have turned his night into day, for we are informed by the court writers that he spent a good part of the morning and evening in sleep, but devoted the hours of darkness to listening to the discussions of the philosophers and the contributions of his musicians. He was ready to receive petitions from his subjects during certain hours of the day when he appeared before the window of his palace.

The three Englishmen, Fitch, Newberrie, and Leedes, who visited India towards the end of the sixteenth century with a view to extending trade relations with the Mughal Empire, spent some time in Akbar's summer capital. Fitch, in his narrative, speaks of the city as being 'greater than London and very populous.' The road leading from Agra to the new capital, twenty miles in length, was like a continuous market 'as full as though a man were still in a towne, and so many people as if a man were in a market.' He was not only impressed by the opportunities presented for trade, but by the evidence of wealth on every hand. 'They haue many fine cartes, and many of them carued and gilded with gold, with two wheelles which be drawen with two little Bulls about the bignesse of our great dogs in England, and they will runne with any horse, and carie two or three men in one of these cartes; they are couered with silke or very fine cloth, and be used as our Coches be in England. Hither is great resort of marchants from Persia and out of India, and very much marchandise of silke and cloth, and of precious stones, both Rubies, Diamants, and Pearles. The king is apparelled in a white Cabie made like a shirt tied with strings on the one side, and a litle cloth on his head coloured oftentimes with red or yealow. None come into his house but his eunuches which keep his women.'

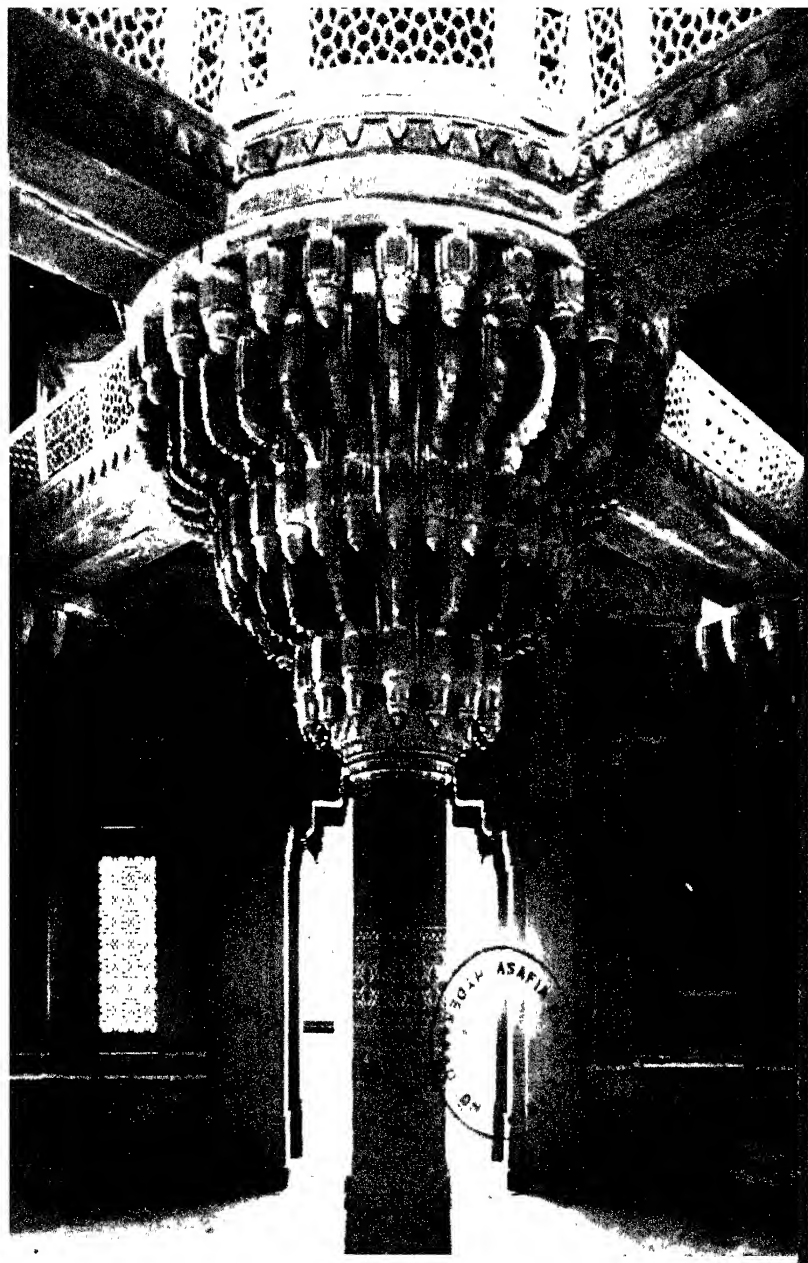
The three English merchants appear to have parted company at Fatehpur Sikri in September 1585, John Newberrie going in the direction of Lahore, with the intention of making his way home to England by Persia and Constantinople. He was never heard of again. Leedes remained in the service of Akbar, who entertained him well and provided him with a fine house.

When Sidney Low visited Fatehpur Sikri with the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1905, he looked upon quite a different

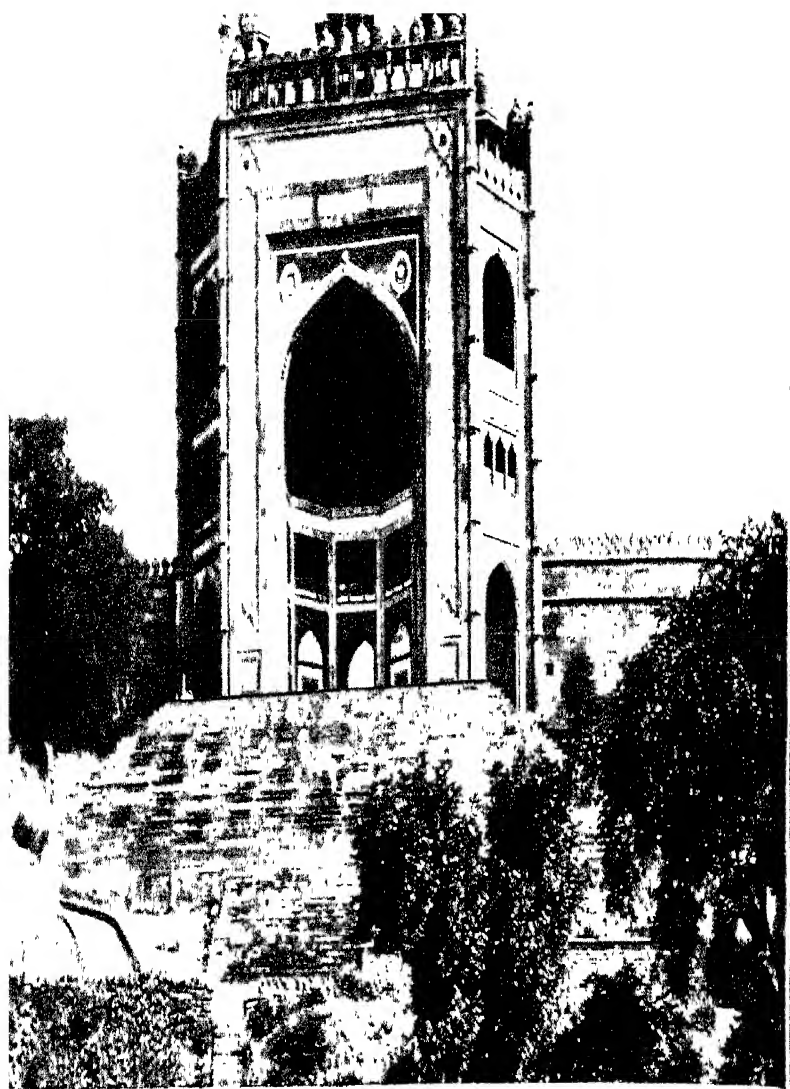
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scene. In his book, *A Vision of India*, he writes: 'Dead and still it lies; bare and cold its audience halls, its council chambers, its galleries, its temples, its baths and playing grounds, and the cages of chiselled stone where Akbar's women lived. It seems as if the Destroying Angel had breathed upon it in a night and swept all life out at a blast, leaving the cenotaph of empty courts to stand in petrified perfection through the ages.' With a little imagination one can picture those palaces and halls when they were filled with rich carpets, silken hangings and gorgeous tapestries, but to-day the buildings ring only with echoes as one tramps from place to place. Days may be spent in studying the architecture of these structures on which the Emperor spent such thought and wealth, and which were largely carried out by Hindu workmen who loved to carve in this soft sandstone the rich designs of Nature, which flourished so abundantly around them.

Some of these buildings should be visited. It is natural to expect that the name of the holy man, Sheikh Salim Chisti, whose influence was so great a factor in the life of Akbar, and through whom Akbar believed he had received the gift of a son, should be prominent in the history of the city. The saint, at a ripe age, died in Fatehpur Sikri and over his remains Akbar erected what is considered by many to be the second most beautiful tomb in India, coming only after the Taj Mahal in its exquisite beauty of workmanship. The tomb is of white marble, and the walls consist of a curtain carved in open fretwork of the most beautiful geometrical designs. A deep cornice of marble, upheld by brackets of the most elaborate Hindu design, intercepts the rays of the sun. Behind an inner screen, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, is the sarcophagus of the saint which is also similarly inlaid and covered with rich cloths. Fastened to the screen may be seen a large number of dirty pieces of rag, placed there by women who are anxious to invoke the help of the saint that they, too, might enjoy the blessing of motherhood granted to the Empress. Perhaps, because of its size, it does not give that lasting impression one gets from a view of the Taj, but the beauty of the workmanship of this exquisite memorial will long remain in the memory of any who have been privileged to see it. Then, too, this



UNIQUE PILLAR, FATEHPUR SIKRI



F VICTORY, FATEHPUR SIKRI

FATEHPUR SIKRI

gem is placed in surroundings which serve to heighten its effect on the senses. Directly opposite is the mosque, built of red sandstone ; to the left is the Gateway of Victory, the largest gateway in India. A writer gives the following account of this block of buildings: 'One cannot but feel deeply impressed on entering this silent and deserted court; the long sombre galleries, surmounted by a thousand cupolas; the gigantic gateway resembling a *propylon* of Karnak; and the noble mosque which forms a dark red framework to the mausoleum of the saint, the dazzling whiteness of which is heightened by the foliage of the trees hanging over it. In the whole effect there is a mixture of severe grandeur and soft harmony which has always characterized Indian Islamism.' Bishop Heber declared that there was no quadrangle in Oxford or Cambridge fit to be compared with this open courtyard, either in size or majestic proportions or beauty of architecture.

The gateway is deserving of particular notice. It is a triumphal arch—'compared with it the Arch of Constantine or the Arch of Titus is poor'—erected to celebrate one of Akbar's great victories, the conquest of Khandesh. A visitor of two centuries ago, by name Finch, writes: 'At the head of this street stands the King's House or Moholl, with much curious building; beyond which, on an ascent, is the goodliest mosque in all the East. It has a flight of some twenty or thirty steps to the gate, which is, in my opinion, one of the loftiest and handsomest in the world, having a great number of clustering pyramids on the top, very curiously disposed. The top of this gate may be distinctly seen from the distance of eight or ten miles. Within the gate is a spacious court curiously paved with stone, about six times the size of the Exchange of London, with a fine covered walk along the sides, more than twice as broad and double the height of those in our London Exchange, supported by numerous pillars all of one stone; and all around about are entrances into numerous rooms very ingeniously contrived.'

Below the spring of the arches we find a most interesting inscription which throws some light on the unique character of Akbar. 'Said Jesus, on whom be peace. The world is a

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bridge; pass over it, but build no house on it. He who hopeth for an hour, may hope for an eternity. The world is but for an hour; spend it in devotion; the rest is unseen.' Even in the hour of victory the Emperor was not unmindful of the need for humility.

Over another doorway is written in Arabic letters: 'He that standeth up in prayer and his heart is not in it, does not draw nigh to God, but remaineth far from Him. Thy best possession is what thou givest in the name of God; thy best traffic is selling this world for the next.'

There are other buildings worthy of notice. The Dewan-i-Khas is the Private Hall or Council Chamber of the Emperor. It is a lofty hall containing the most wonderful pillar in Indian architecture and probably unique in the world. It is a central pillar, made of red sandstone, crowned by an immense circular corbelled capital, radiating from which, to the four corners of the building, are four causeways enclosed by open trellis stone balustrades. Legend says that the Emperor used to hold his Council meetings in this place. He himself was seated in the centre, while his ministers occupied the four corners. It is also supposed that it was here Akbar, at the time heretics were being burnt in England, carried on his religious discussions with the various representatives he loved to have around him in the Court. Not far from this building is a small canopied structure in which lived a Hindu astrologer. It is not a little strange that this independent and enlightened ruler was so much under the influence of his Hindu astrologers that he never took any important step without first consulting them.

The finest residence in Fatehpur Sikri was the one built by Rajah Birbal, one of the Emperor's ministers, for his daughter. It is a two storeyed building, over the upper rooms of which are several cupolas, carried on octagonal drums, and supported on richly ornamented corbel brackets. The ceilings of the lower rooms are supported on a fine and unique frieze. 'It does not seem to be a house, but a casket in red sandstone, carved and ornamented after the pattern of some ebony or sandalwood casket.' The words of Victor Hugo have been applied to this building: 'If it were not the most

FATEHPUR SIKRI

minute of palaces, it was the most gigantic of jewel cases. Raja Birbal was the favourite courtier of Akbar, celebrated for his wit and learning and the only leading noble to embrace the new eclectic religion of his Emperor.

The Panch Mahal is a five storeyed palace, each tier being smaller than the one below, till nothing but a small kiosk remains on the top. It was probably erected for the use of the ladies of the Court as a pleasure resort, being enclosed with screens to protect them from the gaze of the public. There are no less than fifty-six different types of columns which support the various storeys, an evidence of the versatility of the Indian architect, who, unlike the Greeks and Romans, who made their pillars round, constructed his of every shape. Near by is Miriam's House which is said to have been the residence of Akbar's Portuguese Christian wife, though doubt has been thrown on the suggestion that one of his wives was a Christian. The idea was supported by the fact that over the door is to be seen what is supposed to be a picture of the Annunciation. The original name of this house was 'Sunahra,' or 'Golden House,' and it was certainly one of the most attractive in the city, as Akbar probably desired for his consort a building that would not be surpassed by that built by Birbal for his daughter.

Like all the Mughal emperors Akbar made ample provision for the women of the palace, but at the same time laid down stringent rules for their conduct. The harem was strongly guarded and little mercy was to be expected from the king by those who broke those rules. An account of Akbar's harem in Fatehpur is given by Abdul Fazel.

'There is, in general, great inconvenience arising from a number of women; but His Majesty, out of the abundance of his wisdom and prudence, has made it subservient to the public advantage; for by contracting marriages with the daughters of the princes of Hindustan and other countries he secures himself against insurrections at home, and forms powerful alliances abroad.

'The harem is an enclosure of such an immense extent, as to contain a separate room for every one of the women, whose number exceeds five thousand. They are divided into

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companies. Over each of these companies a woman is appointed Darogha. And one is selected for the command of the whole in order that the affairs of the harem may be conducted with the same regularity and good government as the other departments of the State.

‘Every one receives a salary equal to her merit. The pen cannot measure the extent of the Emperor’s largesses. The ladies of the first quality receive a monthly stipend of 1,600 rupees. His Majesty has caused a coin to be struck solely for this purpose.

‘The inside of the harem is guarded by women, and about the gates of the royal apartment are placed the most confidential. Immediately on the outside of the gate, watch the eunuchs of the harem, and at a proper distance are stationed the Rajputs, beyond whom are the porters of the gates; and on the outside of the enclosures, the Omrahs, the Ahdeens, and other troops mount guard, according to their rank.

‘But besides all the precautions above described his Majesty depends on his own vigilance, as well as on that of his guards.’

Not far from the Panch Mahal there is an open space, marked as a chess board. Here the Emperor used to play, using sixteen of his handsome women as pawns.

Other palaces, temples and tombs should be visited, for most of them are still in almost perfect condition. Whether seen in the broad sunlight, or under the bright light of the moon, one gets the impression of something mysterious. We are in the land of silence, love and passion.

Of the architecture of Fatephur it will be of interest to quote two extracts from a description of the city by R. E. Forrest, which serve to convey an idea of the defects and virtues of Indian workmanship as seen here.

‘The limitation and strength of the Hindu intellect is vividly illustrated in his architecture. He is endowed with great powers of analysis and a rich imagination which displays itself in the variety and richness of his work, but he is lacking in the power of invention. He laid a large slab across his column of stone, and he made the whole beautiful by rich carving; but he never thought of creating the radiating arch, and its complement, the radiating dome.’

FATEHPUR SIKRI

Referring to the wonderful ceilings found in some of the buildings the same writer says: 'They are constructed of slabs fifteen feet in length and one foot in breadth, which rest upon bold cornices supported by deeply arched pendentives. The rooms are examples of the best and most perfect manual skill, and it is impossible not to admire them, because the work is so good and strong and the ornaments so finished. There is joy and vigour about the ugly goblins and formless monsters carved on the front.'

As the sun sets on the deserted city of Fatehpur one is filled with a sense of the romance underlying the whole history of the place and it is not difficult to conjure before one's mind the oriental scenes presented in the days when Akbar and his nobles resided here. The days of Fatehpur Sikri, as a summer capital, were very short but her splendid buildings will long serve to recall that brief season of triumph. Sidney Low, however, puts another aspect of the case before us. 'Whatever the cause of its desertion, there it stands, the most splendid and striking testimony to that capricious and irresponsible Eastern despotism, which could use the lives, the labour, the destinies of men for its own purposes, and could at its will call rich and populous towns into being in the wilderness and drop them back again into solitude and silence. Nowhere does that come quite so clearly before us as in the beautiful dead city which Akbar built and left.'

MANDU

A PATHAN CAPITAL

‘THE site on which the city of Mandu is placed is one of the noblest occupied by any capital in India. It is an extensive plateau, detached from the mainland of Malwa by a deep ravine about 400 yards across where narrowest, and nowhere less than 200 feet in depth. This is crossed by a noble causeway, defended by three gateways, and flanked by tombs on either hand. The whole plateau is surrounded by walls erected on the brink of the cliff. This plateau may be four or five miles from north to south, most pleasingly diversified in surface, abounding in water and fertile in the highest degree, as is too plainly evidenced by the rank vegetation which is tearing the buildings to pieces or obscuring them so that they can hardly be seen.’

Since this description of the deserted city of Mandu, which occupies a part of the crest of the Vindhya Hills, was written by Fergusson, the archaeologist, to whom all lovers of Indian buildings are deeply indebted, much has been done to recover the ruined city from the ravages of vegetation, and steps have been taken to protect the most important buildings from further deterioration. In spite of this it would be difficult for the visitor to realize the glories of Mandu while she was ruled by Muhammadan princes for over two centuries. Like so many of the cities made famous by the Muhammadans in India, Mandu was a place of some importance during the earlier Hindu period. There is a tradition that about the year A.D. 300 a grass-cutter discovered, at the end of his day's work in the forest, that his sickle had turned yellow. The blacksmith to whom he showed it, recognized that it was coated with gold, clearly due to the fact that it had been in contact with the philosopher's stone which possessed the power of turning iron and copper into gold. A search was made and the stone was handed over to the king. By the

MANDU

wealth thus obtained he was able to build a magnificent city. But of this city we have no knowledge for there is no historical reference to Mandu until A.D. 1300! After it fell into the hands of the Muhammadans in the early years of the fourteenth century we have fairly full records of the events connected with the city. Many of the extant buildings were made from materials found in the old Hindu capital.

The name of Hoshang Ghori is connected with the founding of Mandu as the capital of the new kingdom, and the finest building, the Jumma Musjid, which ranks high among monuments of its class, was largely built by him. Its dimensions, externally, are 290 feet by 275 feet. Valentine Chirol, who had a very extensive acquaintance with all parts of India, and gave much time to studying the monuments of her past, was greatly impressed by the ruins of this city, and especially by the beauty of the Jumma Musjid. He writes: 'It is perhaps the finest example of pure Pathan architecture in India, and one of the half dozen noblest shrines devoted to Muhammadan worship in the whole world; a mighty structure of red sandstone and white marble, stern and simple, and as perfect in the proportions of its long avenues of pointed arches as in the breadth of its spacious design.'

Behind this mosque stands the tomb in which Hoshang Ghori rests after his exciting career. 'The tomb of the founder which stands behind the mosque, though not remarkable for size, is a very grand specimen of the last resting place of the stern old Pathan king. Both internally and externally it is riveted with white marble, artistically but not constructively applied, and consequently in many places peeling off. The light is only admitted by the doorway and two small windows, so that the interior is gloomy, but not more so than seems suitable to its destination' (Fergusson).

But it was under the rule of Mahmud, who had wrested the throne from Hoshang's weak successor, that the city attained its greatest fame. As a centre of Islamic learning it attracted embassies from distant parts, even from Egypt and Bokhara. The king was constantly at war with the neighbouring ruler

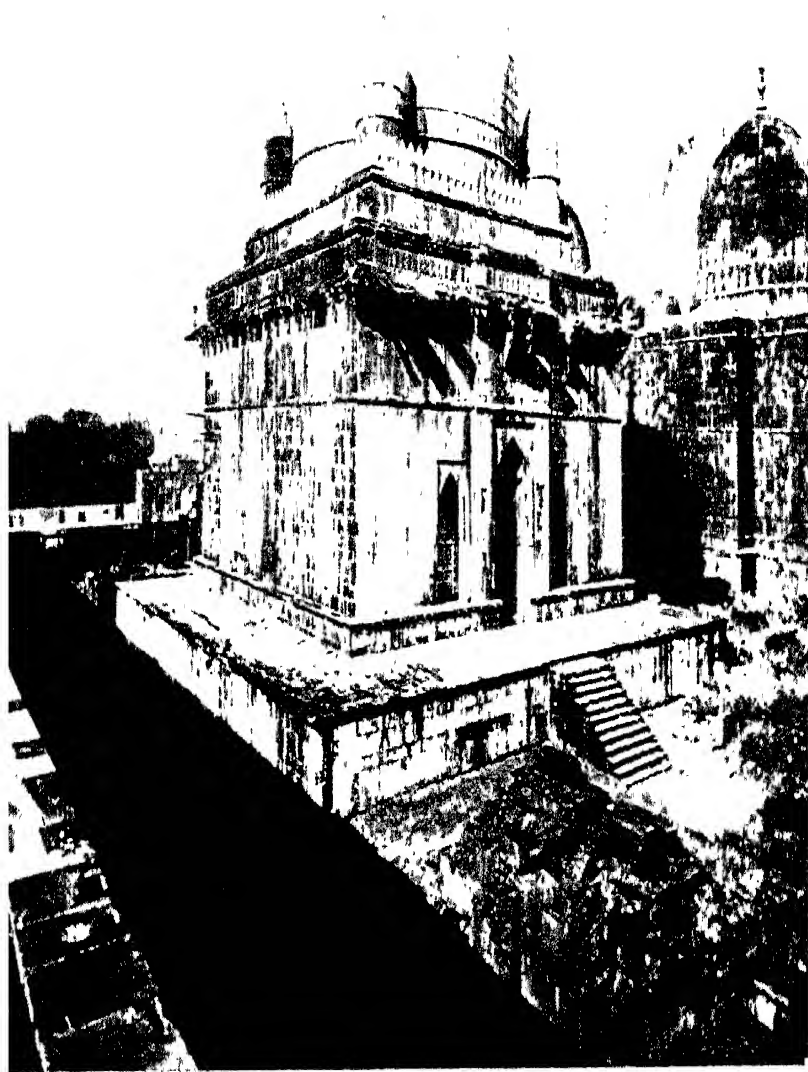
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of Chitor, and erected as a memorial of his victory in A.D. 1439 a Column of Victory, 160 feet high, consisting of seven storeys. It is interesting to note that the Chitor king erected a monument, known as the Tower of Victory, to commemorate his victory over Mahmud on the same occasion! During Mahmud's reign of thirty years he managed to maintain excellent relations between his Hindu and Muhammadan subjects. It is also said of him that he made good any loss sustained by anyone by robbery of his land or other possessions, recovering the money from the village where the robbery took place.

Ghias-ud-din, his son, gave up his warlike habits when his father died, and retired to his seraglio, which was of considerable size. He formed a company of Amazon guards for his bodyguard from the 15,000 women who formed his court. The five hundred beautiful Turki women in his bodyguard were armed with bows and arrows. 'None was too old or ugly and none was idle or lazy. All were trained to some craft or calling. There were dancers, teachers, embroiderers, musicians, &c. Whenever he heard of a beautiful girl he did not rest till she was one of his subjects. He treated them all with care and kindness, the plain looking ranking with the fairest.'

Ghias-ud-din was a man of deep religious instincts and regularly performed the ceremonies required by his faith. It is said that he gave orders that, if he was asleep, he must be awakened when prayer time came; even if he had to be pulled out of bed he never grumbled. When he was being amused his companions held a shroud before him to remind him of the shortness of life and the certainty of death. He met his death at the hands of his son, Nazir, in A.D. 1500.

One of the most remarkable buildings erected in the reign of Ghias-ud-din was the Jehaj Mahal, or 'Ship's Palace,' so called because it was built between two great reservoirs or tanks. 'Its mass and picturesque outline make it one of the most remarkable edifices of its date. The principal room is a vaulted hall, 48 feet long and 24 feet broad and high, flanked with buttresses, massive enough to support a vault



HOSHANG'S TOMB, MANDU

MANDU

four times its section. Beyond is a long range of vaulted halls, standing in the water, which were probably the apartments in which the inhabitants of the palace lived. They are bold and massive to a degree seldom found in Indian edifices.'

Profligate followed profligate on the throne, and the end came with Baz Bahadur who had succeeded in A.D. 1552. He loved music better than fighting, and this passion brought him into contact with a young Rajput girl with a lovely voice. Her singing held him enraptured. His love was returned by Rup Mati as she was called. But no king in those days could expect to be left to enjoy his days in making love. The king was at last forced to defend his kingdom. Before setting out he placed Rup Mati and his other singers under a guard in the palace, with orders that, in case he were defeated, the women should be killed to prevent the enemy from dishonouring them. The king suffered defeat and the victorious general arrived on the scene hoping to take possession of the harem of the ruler he had overthrown. But he found that all the women, save Rup Mati, were dead. She, though still alive, was deeply wounded. She received medical attention and on her recovery the new ruler declared his intention of making her his wife. She managed to put off her answer for some time, but at last he refused to wait any longer. He entered her room where he had arranged to make her his bride. He saw her reclining on a divan, dressed in most beautiful garments. She seemed to be asleep, but when the veil was removed it was seen that Rup Mati had poisoned herself rather than submit to the conqueror of her lover. The palace Baz Bahadur had built for her on the edge of the cliff, so that she might worship the waters of the Nerbudda River, still stands to remind us of a woman's loyalty.

As the Ambassador of James I of England, Sir Thomas Roe, visited Mandu in company with the great ruler Jehangir. The triumphal procession of the great Mughal Emperor consisted of 500 elephants. Sir Thomas was greatly impressed by the magnificence of the State entry and by the entertainment afforded by the ruler. But even then, according to his Memoirs, lions infested the country and killed one of his

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baggage ponies. Those days of splendour passed and instead we have a picture of desolation. 'Over the whole plateau are ruined tombs and buildings of every class, and so numerous as to defy description. In their solitude, in a vast uninhabited jungle, they convey as vivid an impression of the ephemeral splendour of the Muhammadan dynasties as anything in India.'

SARKHEJ

REMAINS OF A GUJERAT CITY

THE deserted city of Sarkhej lies about six miles south west of the city of Ahmadabad, with which its history is closely associated. The road from this city crosses the Sabarmati River, the channel of which is about half a mile broad, but in the hot weather there is very little depth of water. The river bed is a most interesting sight, for the sand is dotted with enclosures for the cultivation of vegetables and along the running water are gaily dressed women washing their bright coloured garments. It is the place where the women of the town can meet to discuss the affairs of their homes. After crossing the river the road is a sandy one and by no means easy to travel. There are rice fields on either side.

This place is not so well known as some of the other cities mentioned in this book, but there are features in Sarkhej which make it well worth a visit. The massive buildings, set in most picturesque surroundings, cover a limited area and can be seen in a comparatively short time. But they speak of a great past when those of high estate used to visit the city. There is a similarity between the style of architecture found here and that which adorns the city of Ahmadabad. Most of the buildings in Sarkhej appear to have been erected by two brothers, Azam and Mozam, who came from Khorassan in the middle of the fifteenth century. Their tomb is one of the features of Sarkhej.

Of this style of architecture Fergusson says: 'The Muhammadans had here forced themselves upon the most civilized and the most essentially building race at that time in India; and the Chalukyas conquered their conquerors and forced them to adopt forms and ornaments which were superior to any the invaders knew or could have introduced. The result is a style which combines all the elegance and finish of Jain or Chalukyan art with a certain largeness of conception, which the

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Hindu never quite attained, but which is characteristic of the people who at this time were subjecting all India to their sway.'

The most important of the buildings here is the tomb of Saint Sheikh Ahmad Khattu Ganj Baksh, a saint greatly revered by Muhammadans in North India. There is always a stream of pilgrims to this shrine. Ganj Baksh was the spiritual guide of Sultan Ahmad I and belonged to an austere mendicant fraternity. Nothing could induce him to alter his manner of life, however great were the inducements held out by the wealthy potentates who desired his services. Many stories are told of the saint. The most popular is that related by the custodian of the tomb to the pilgrims who come from Gujerat, ready of course, to hear anything marvellous of the one they have come to worship. 'He was a saintly mortal, Ganj Baksh; he was free from the sensualities to which our race is prone; his heart was ever with Alla (whose name be praised) and his thoughts with Muhammad (blessings upon our holy prophet): his life was one of virgin purity; his death that of the beatified; Alla il Alla; kings of the earth were admonished by him; the holiest found in him a friend. Wealth was profusely scattered at his feet, but he saw it not, received it not. Alla was his all. Before he passed from this world to the Paradise of our hopes, he built this tomb. The labourers and artificers employed by him were daily paid their hire, and the good genii who supplied the funds deposited the exact quota to be appropriated beneath the carpet of the holy Ganj Baksh. Thus was built this delightful mausoleum to the memory of a saint whose virtues we can revere.'

This story serves to give the pilgrims a deep regard for their saint, but the facts are hardly in accord with history. The tomb was actually begun the year the saint died, A.D. 1445, by Sultan Ahmad's son and completed six years later. The saint died at the age of 111. The tomb is the largest of its kind in Gujerat, having a great central dome and many smaller ones. Over the doorway is the following Persian quatrain:

When the ocean of Ahmad's hand pours forth its pearls
The lap of Hope is fortunately enriched with the Store:
It is no wonder if for the obeisances at his shrine
The surface of the earth should all rise up.

SARKHEJ

The adjoining mosque is remarkable for its simple elegance, the pillars being very well proportioned.

But it is the fact that some of the finest ruins are situated on a large lake that makes this town specially attractive to the sightseer. The lake was excavated by one, Muhammad Begada, and was surrounded by gigantic flights of steps. There are splendid palaces and residences for nobles around the lake which is often a scene of great activity when crowds of pilgrims, on the occasion of festivals, bathe in the sacred waters.

Another saint is honoured here. Baba Ali Sher was also a saintly character. Though his tomb is a mean affair his memory is revered throughout the District. Gujerat princes have come and gone; their buildings so palatial, are steadily falling into ruins. But all around the simple peasants carry on their work as if indifferent to all that is represented by these imposing ruins of their departed rulers.

MURSHIDABAD

BENGAL'S LAST INDEPENDENT CAPITAL

ALONG the banks of the Ganges are the remains of many capitals that once played an important part in the history of Bengal. But it is especially in that part, known as the Hugli, whose channels have constantly changed their course, that the work of destruction is most clearly seen. One Indian race after another has built its capital; one European nation after another has founded its settlement. But the vagaries of the river have been responsible for the destruction of most of them, for they have been left high and dry and thus deprived of their communications with the outside world, or buried in the mud carried down to the delta by the river. 'They lie entombed in the silt, or moulder like wrecks on the bank. The river flows on relentless and majestic as of old, ceaselessly preaching with its still small ripple, the ripple that has sapped the palaces of kings and brought low the temples of the gods, that here we have no abiding city.'

That which is firme doth flit and fall away
And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

There are scanty remains of cities that are scarcely ever mentioned in history books. The old Buddhist port of Tamluk lies buried in the mud; Falta, once a famous Dutch settlement, is a solitary place to-day, seldom visited; the Danish town of Serampur is but a shadow of its former greatness; the German settlement of Bankipur has disappeared; the French town of Chandernagar still flies the tricolour but is of little importance to-day; Chinsurah is another decayed settlement. About sixty-five miles from Calcutta stands the old Hindu city of Nadiya, once the centre of learning in Bengal, but now a collection of huts, mud colleges and tumbling Hindu monasteries.

MURSHIDABAD

To the average student of history these names are of little moment. There is, however, one deserted city on the banks of the Hugli which played so important a part in the relations between the Indians and the British, that it could not well be omitted from this record of past cities which have lost their former glory. Murshidabad was the metropolis of Lower Bengal in the eighteenth century, and here it was that the Muhammadan ruler, Suraj-u-daula, the declared enemy of the British in the days of Clive, lived in great state. The battle of Plassey sounded the death knell of this Muhammadan capital. When Clive entered the city he found it as rich and extensive as London then was, with many fine palaces and no less than seven hundred mosques, and a large revenue. In a very brief time its grandeur had departed, and it was left a 'limitless sepulchre shrining the memory of all that majesty, power and profligacy which represented sovereign and independent Bengal.'

A modern writer says of this city: 'In the year 1772 it ceased to be Bengal's last independent capital; to-day, it lies idle, empty, ruinous, and saddening beyond all description. In row after row of shops but two or three will be tenanted; in street after street of pretentious dwellings but half a dozen will be habitable; among scores of mosques but half a dozen are in use, while the jungle is creeping slowly into the very heart of old Murshidabad, blotting out even the ruins. One and a half centuries ago the city extended for miles along the river, and its streets and bazaars were thronged with merchants and their wares, now but a small community of villagers and a few descendants of princely houses dwell amid the ghostly memories of the city which was Murshidabad the 'Magnificent,' the 'Queen of Bengal,' the 'Paradise of Nations.' Whatever of industry and commerce there was in the ancient capital has almost entirely disappeared.

The ruler of Bengal was Suraj-u-daula whose headquarters at Murshidabad had been adorned with palaces worthy of so wealthy a ruler. He claimed control over the newly founded settlement of Calcutta where the English traders were quietly developing their influence. Inspired by hatred and perhaps

DEPARTED GLORY

jealousy of this colony of English whom he despised, he determined to teach them a lesson. With a strong force he attacked the small town but met with an unexpected resistance. When, at last, he succeeded in taking possession he showed his cruel nature by his treatment of the brave band of English men and women who had survived the attack. In that small room, ever afterwards known as the Black Hole of Calcutta, 46 persons were crushed. All entreaties for relief were scorned by the guards and next morning only twenty three of the company that had been thrust into that place of horror came out alive. This party included Mr. Holwell, the leader. He was called before Suraj-u-daula who demanded to be shown the treasure he believed was concealed in some part of the settlement. As he obtained no satisfactory answer he gave orders that Holwell and his three principal fellow-sufferers should be dispatched to Murshidabad. They were loaded with fetters and placed in boats. 'During this voyage, which lasted fourteen days, they lay on the hard deck exposed to the burning sun and the intense rain of the monsoon; their food was rice and water, and they were covered from head to foot with large and painful boils, which deprived them of the use of their hands, and rendered the weight of their fetters intolerably galling.' When they arrived in Murshidabad they were dragged through the streets before a mocking population. They were then placed in a stable where they were deprived of all repose and made an object of curiosity to the crowds of the Nawab's subjects. When the Nawab himself returned to the city and saw the pitiful condition of his prisoners he gave orders for their release.

The outcome of this incident was the determination of the English that the dastardly deed should be revenged. Clive was sent with instructions to recapture the town of Calcutta and to obtain reparation from the Nawab. Steadily events developed until Clive felt that he was in a sufficiently strong position to meet the forces of Suraj-u-daula. Intrigues with the Nawab's chief supporters prepared the way for that battle of Plassey, fought in 1757, which was so crucial for the English position in India. By the disloyalty of Mir Jafar the task of Clive was made easier, and with a much smaller

MURSHIDABAD

army than that of his enemy, he succeeded in completely shattering Suraj-u-daula's force which fled from the field. Clive followed Mir Jafar, who had been appointed Viceroy in place of the defeated Nawab, into Murshidabad which was a scene of confusion. Suraj had escaped from Plassey to his capital, but he soon realized that his life was in jeopardy. So he embarked on a boat, disguised in a mean dress, and accompanied by a favourite concubine and a eunuch, carrying a casket of his most precious jewels. After travelling seventy miles he was recognized by a fakir, living in a deserted garden. As this fakir had suffered the loss of his nose and ears by the orders of the ruler, given in a moment of passion, he was only too glad to avenge himself by handing him over to Mir Jafar's brother who was the governor of that district. Suraj-u-daula was taken back to Murshidabad and treated with every indignity. He was put to death mainly on the instigation of Mir Jafar's son, a violent and unprincipled youth. The ruler who had been responsible for such cruelties was only twenty three years of age and had reigned for thirteen months. From this time the city of Murshidabad steadily declined, though for a number of years it was closely associated with the English people, Clive and Hastings both living there for some time. Murshidabad may therefore be considered the birthplace of English supremacy in India.

The present Nawab of Murshidabad, who is the acknowledged premier noble of Bengal, still resides in what is the finest building in this city, but this was built so recently as 1837. It is considered to be one of the most handsome buildings in Bengal. There is much of interest in the interior; an armoury, a library, with a fine collection of valuable objects, and many important treaties and records which deal with the negotiations of Clive and Hastings in the days following the battle of Plassey.

Of the buildings that graced the city in the time of Suraj-u-daula, the most famous is the palace of Jaffranganj Deori, the place where Mir Jafar resided when serving the Nawab, and where he met the representative of Clive in the negotiations that were carried on to gain his support in the impending battle. Mir Jafar here swore that 'the enemies of

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the English are my enemies.' Though there were times when Clive had reason to doubt his loyalty to this oath, in the end, he made victory possible for the British general. Not far from this house is the place where it is said that Suraj-u-daula was murdered, though there is nothing to mark it save a tree which is supposed to have sheltered the cell in which the deed was carried out. His body was buried across the river in a small tomb. The burial ground of Mir Jafar and his descendants is kept in a good state of repair.

Of the Palace of Mhoti Jheel, which became the home of Clive for some time, and later of Warren Hastings, it has been said, 'To-day nothing but crumbling foundations remain of the house where Suraj-u-daula feasted and murdered with fine impartiality; where Clive lived after Plassey, closely guarded, for there were rumours of plots to assassinate the intrepid soldier who had vanquished Bengal in one battle. The flight of entrance steps exists in a dilapidated condition and the extent of the foundations shows that the palace was of great size and that the Lake of Pearls washed it on one side. Two sturdy palm trees and a carpet of weeds now clothe the foundations, and show how ancient is the desolation which has overtaken the house of Mhoti Jheel.'

Before the earthquake that shook this city in 1897 the great mosque known as Katra Musjid, built by the founder of the city, was in a fair state of preservation. But now most of the domes have been destroyed. When it was built it was considered to be one of the finest mosques in Bengal, being crowned with five large domes and many minarets. The tomb of the builder of Murshidabad, Murshid Kuli Khan, is still honoured by the inhabitants of the city, fresh flowers being regularly strewn over it.

Sir W. W. Hunter describes a visit to this deserted Bengal capital at the end of the nineteenth century. He points out that, apart from the growing power of the English in Bengal as the chief factor in the deterioration of the importance of Murshidabad, the change in the channel of the river would have sufficed to destroy its old trade. 'Next evening I looked down from the tower of the great mosque on a green stretch of woodland, which Clive described as a city as large and

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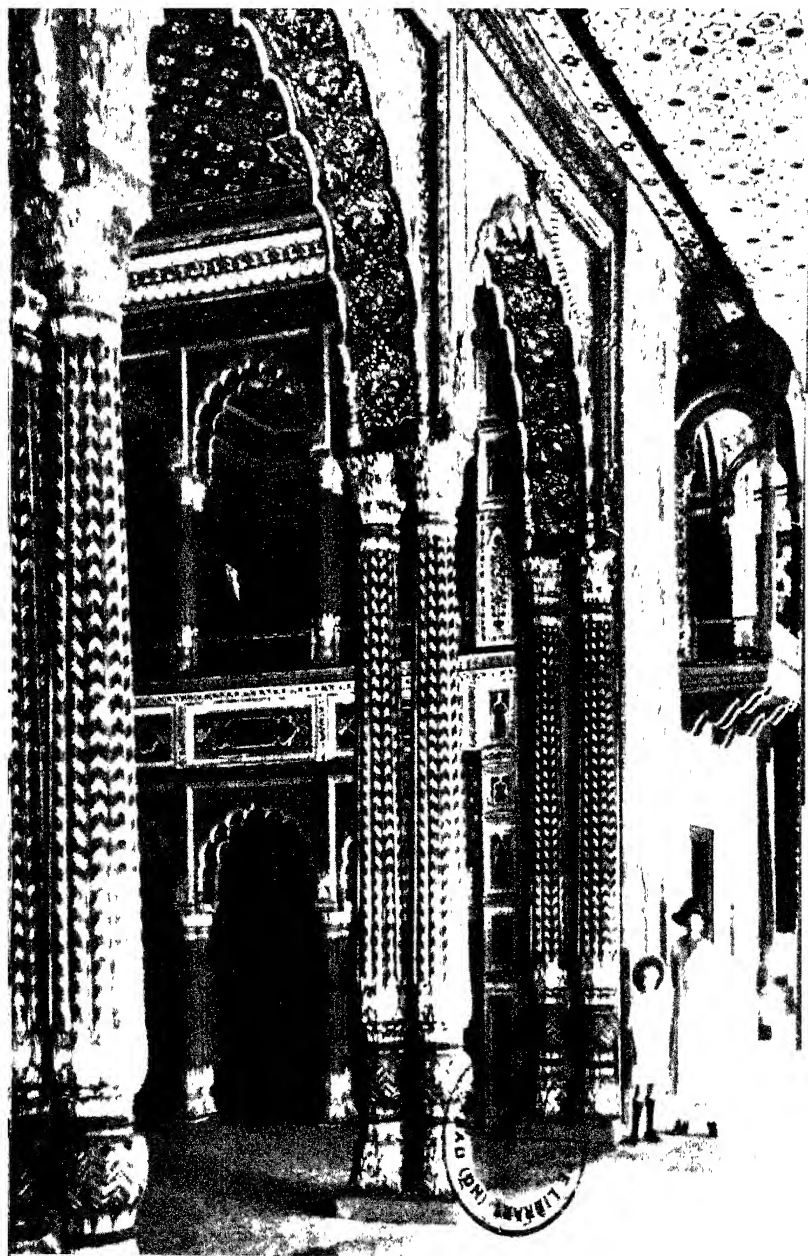
populous as London. The palaces of the nobles had given place to brick houses; the brick houses to mud cottages; the mud cottages to mat huts; the mat huts to straw hovels. A poor and struggling population was invisible somewhere around me, in dwellings so mean as to be buried under the palms and brushwood. A wreck of a city with bazaars and streets was there. Yet, looking down from the tower, scarce a building, save the Nawab's palace, rose above the surface of the jungle.'

SERINGAPATAM

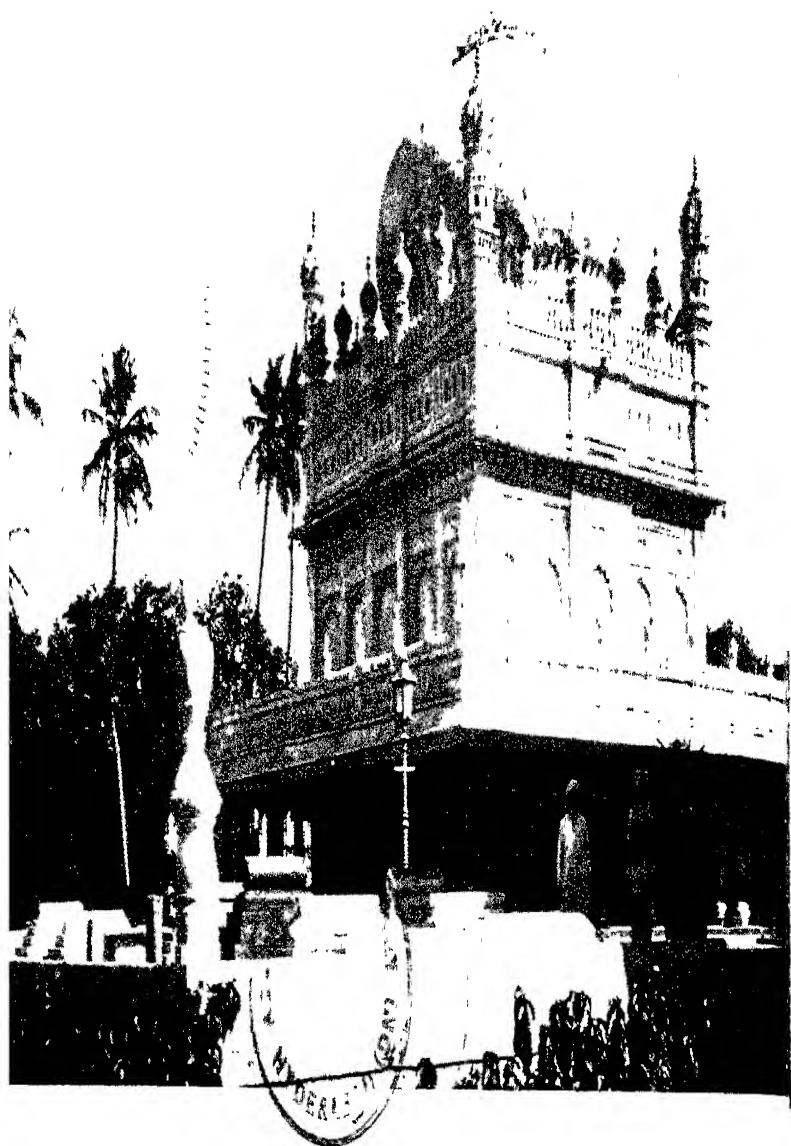
TIPU SULTAN'S CAPITAL

THE nearness of the historic fort of Seringapatam to the military station of Bangalore in the Mysore State affords a splendid opportunity to the British soldiers stationed there to visit the scene of the final overthrow of Tipu Sultan, the Muhammadan ruler, who was for so long a thorn in the side of the British Government. These soldiers experience the thrill of standing on the very spot where, over a hundred years ago, the British army dashed into the breach made on the south-west corner. But Seringapatam is also of interest to others who are attracted by scenes and buildings associated with a romantic past.

Seringapatam is situated on an island formed by the two arms of the Kaveri River. The total length of the island is about three and half miles, and its breadth, one and half miles in its broadest part. The fortress consists of that part of the island which forms the north-west corner, from which point an excellent view of the river, with its two arms, can be obtained. As the fort stood in 1722, in the days of Tipu's power, it is described by Major Dirom, one of the officers who took part in the siege: 'The fort thus situated on the west end of the island is distinguished by its white walls, regular outworks, magnificent buildings, and ancient Hindu pagodas, the more lofty and splendid monuments raised in honour of the Muhammadan faith. The Lal Bagh, which occupied the east end of the island, possessing all the beauty and conveniences of a country retirement, is dignified by the mausoleum of Haidar, and a superb new palace built by Tipu. To these add the idea of an extensive suburb or town, which filled the middle space between the fort and garden, full of wealthy inhabitants, and it will readily be allowed that this insulated metropolis must have been the richest, most convenient, and most beautiful spot possessed in the



INTERIOR OF TIPU'S SUMMER PALACE, SERINGAPATAM



SULTAN'S TOMB, SERINGAPATAM

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present age by a native prince in India.' Such is the glowing picture of the town of Seringapatam as it appeared at the end of the eighteenth century. But all this has been changed, and this once beautiful place is but a small village with a few inhabitants, and the greater part of the island a waste.

The fort had been a place of some importance before Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan made it their capital. In A.D. 894 two temples were built on the island, and from this date it was ruled by Hindu princes, for a long period by those belonging to the Vijayanagar kingdom. In A.D. 1610 Seringapatam was taken by the Raja Wodeyar, the ancestor of the present ruler of the Mysore State. Later the Muhammadans captured the city, and held it till its overthrow by the British in 1799, when Tipu Sultan's power was broken. The story of the clashes between Tipu and the British is a long one. In spite of the warnings of the Governor-General, Tipu persisted in his unlawful harrying of the tribes which were under the protection of the British, and Lord Cornwallis saw that he would not learn the much needed lesson until the presence of British troops in the capital brought him to his senses. Although the first siege made by Cornwallis in 1791 did not attain its object, the British forces being obliged to retire to Bangalore, in the following year a successful attack made the position of Tipu so insecure that he had to sue for peace. This was granted on payment of a large indemnity and the forfeiture of half his kingdom. Tipu had shown that he could fight bravely. In the accounts written by the historian we are shown an indefatigable commander hurrying to and fro along the ramparts, encouraging his men to make a bold stand against the British. All that a skilful soldier could do was done by Tipu in the defence of his capital. A treaty of despair was signed and his two sons were handed over as hostages.

The chief interest, however, centres round the last siege of 1799 when General Stuart, General Harris and Sir Arthur Wellesley made a successful onslaught on the strongly defended fort. Marquis Wellesley, the then Governor-General, discovered that Tipu was in treasonable correspondence with the French, whom he had invited to come and drive out the

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British. Toward this scheme he offered substantial financial assistance. No time could be lost. Finding all conciliatory measures of no avail, the Governor-General sent a large army to carry on operations. A preliminary attack made by Tipu's troops on the British at Malvalli proved unsuccessful, and Tipu was forced to retire to his island fort. Tipu had proved that his word could not be depended upon, and a salutary lesson was necessary. 'In a crisis of the world's history, when no obstacle seemed able to bar the advance of daring genius, it was necessary for the safety of the British interests in India, that the one sovereign who hated those interests, and who had himself seen what his troops, led by his father could accomplish, should be rendered, as far as possible, harmless for evil.'

The attack was made from the north and south sides of the river, and the walls to-day show evidence of the many shells which were fired against the north-west angle of the fort. But it was on the south side that the breach was made, when the brave soldiers, led by General Baird, made that wonderful dash across the river and scaled the walls, capturing the fort after hard fighting. By means of parallels the army was brought near to the edge of the river, and about one o'clock on May 4, the General stepped out of the trench, drew his sword, and in a loud voice cried, 'Come, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers.' In six minutes they had crossed the river, which was shallow at this time of the year, and had reached the breach where the colours were immediately flown. Others followed quickly and the party, dividing into two divisions, followed the ramparts to right and left. In spite of heavy losses, they rushed forward with irresistible courage and drove the enemy from the north-east corner of the fort. Panic ensued among Tipu's soldiers and they took to flight. In the meantime Tipu had been exposing himself on the ramparts, but being disabled with an injury to his knee, he was forced to leave the exposed position in which he had been fighting. At the Water Gate, now destroyed, he met with a great force of fugitives coming in the opposite direction. His palanquin bearers tried to force a way through, but without success,

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and the Sultan was thrown on the ground where he was soon partially covered by a number of wounded men. A British soldier, attracted by his rich clothing, attempted to rob him, but the Sultan struck him with his sword. In reply the soldier shot Tipu, whose body was soon covered with the killed and wounded. Later he was discovered and his remains were taken to the Palace. There can be few more tragic endings to the life of a great fighter than is given in a contemporary account: 'Tipu's palanquin was taken out of the gate, the body put into it, and the light infantry of the 33rd acted as palanquin boys, and with many hearty curses hoisted him on their shoulders; but they had not advanced two paces when the bottom fell out of the palanquin, and all were again at a stand how to proceed; but some person suggested putting the firelocks across, and six or eight firelocks were immediately put across the frame on which the body was again laid. With the additional weight, and consequently some additional imprecations from the soldiers, he was again lifted on their shoulders and they staggered on with him to his own palace, not a little vexed at being made palanquin boys.'

The next day he was buried with full military honours in the tomb of his father, Haidar Ali. 'The streets through which the procession passed, were lined with inhabitants; many of whom prostrated themselves before the body, and expressed their grief by loud lamentations. When the body had reached the gate of the mausoleum, the grenadiers formed a street, and presented arms as it passed . . . to add to the solemnity of the scene, the evening closed with the most dreadful storm, attended with rain, thunder, and lightning, by which two officers and some others in the Bombay camp were killed, and many severely hurt.'

The British Governor handed over Seringapatam to the Hindu dynasty to which it had originally belonged before the Muhammadans captured it. But the day of Seringapatam's greatness was over, and it has steadily dwindled into a small village with a few thousand inhabitants.

There are several places of great interest on the island worthy of mention. The Daria Daulat, situated a short distance from the fort, is the summer palace of Tipu, still

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carefully kept as a memorial by the Government of Mysore. When the Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Wellesley, was appointed to the command of the island he lived in this palace spending much money and thought on the restoration of the building. On the walls are several unique paintings, one especially worthy of note as giving a pictorial representation of the Muhammadan ruler's estimate of the British general against whom he fought in one of the early battles, that of Pollelur. The painting shows the bursting of a gunpowder magazine in the British lines, an incident which is said to have turned the battle in favour of the Muhammadans. In another part of the picture the British general is shown, seated in a palanquin, in the midst of the battle *sucking his thumb*.

Traces of the dungeons in which Tipu kept his British prisoners may still be seen. The accounts given by the prisoners themselves show how cruelly they were treated during the time of their captivity. It is told of General Baird, who had been a prisoner in the fort before he himself led the force that brought liberty to many scores of others, that he and a fellow prisoner were chained together to the wall. On hearing the news his mother ejaculated, 'God help the man who is chained to our Davy.' The following extract is taken from the memoirs of one of these men. 'The officers in the prison are most of them in irons and oppressed by want of exercise; their daily pittance barely suffices for the simplest fare; they are without medical attendance and medicines, save the commonest bazaar remedies. Books and writing materials are denied them, the scissors and knives with which they manufacture a few articles of furniture must be concealed under the tiles or buried in the ground.' These memoirs show that, in spite of these hardships, the prisoners showed great cheerfulness, unselfishness, and mutual forbearance. One diarist tells the story of how release came and the relief when at last the irons were knocked off. 'We could never get the idea of our being in fetters out of our heads. No effort of our minds, no act of volition, could, for several days, overcome the habit of making short and constrained steps to which we had been so long accustomed. Our crippled manner

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of walking was a subject of laughter to ourselves as well as to others.'

One of the prisoners was James Scurry, a Devonshire lad, who told the story of his captivity in a small book published in 1824. One extract describes how the English lads taken prisoners, were betrothed to girls provided by the Sultan.

'There were, at this time, a number of young girls, who had been driven with their relations out of the Carnatic, when Hyder invested the country, which he almost overran. Some of these poor creatures were allotted for us; and one morning, we were ordered to fall into rank and file, when those girls were placed one behind each of us, while we stood gazing at one another, wondering what they were about to do. At last the *daroga* gave the word, "To the right about face"; with the addition (in the Moorish language) of, "take what is before you." This, when understood, some did, and some did not; but the refractory were soon obliged to comply.

. . . When this ceremony was completed, we were ordered back to our square, and on our return with our young black doxies, we had the bazaar, or public market, to pass, where the crowd was so difficult to penetrate, as to separate us. This laid the foundation for some serious disputes afterwards, many insisting that the women they had, when they arrived at the square, were not the same they had at first. This scene was truly comic, for the girls, when we understood them, which was many months afterwards, had the same views that we had; and were frequently engaged with their tongues, on this score, long before we could understand the cause of their disputes. Our enemies seemed to enjoy this in a manner that would have done honour to a British theatre.'

The mausoleum in which the Muhammadan rulers and their wives lie buried is well worth a visit. It is situated at the north-east end of the island, and is surrounded with well-kept gardens. It is highly honoured by the people. There is a very interesting arch, known as de Haviland's Arch, which was built by an English officer of the Madras Engineers to prove that it was possible to build an arch with a span of one hundred feet. The arch was made of brick and stood for over a century, despite the fact that it was

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continually subjected to strain by large parties of visitors who ascend to the highest point of the arch, then jump, thus causing a gentle oscillation. In 1936 this arch collapsed. For those who have a love for the gruesome, a visit to Scott's bungalow, near the river, will appeal. Colonel Scott returned home to find that his wife and several members of his family had died of cholera. He left the house and never returned. Thus it remained for a long period of years, all the furniture, pictures, carpets, even the piano, being left untouched.

After the island and fort had been handed over to the Mysore dynasty the British Government decided to maintain a number of troops in the fort. To give better accommodation the inner ramparts were thrown down and the inner ditch was filled up. But the old capital had no longer any attraction for the Hindu ruler, who began to develop the town of Mysore into his capital, a process that has continued till this day, when it is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful of Indian cities. Soon the British troops were removed to Bangalore on account of the unhealthiness of the island, which has prevented any restoration of this old capital. Buchanan, the historian, described the city as being 'a sink of nastiness,' in the days when the British first took possession. Though measures have been taken in recent years to introduce improvements in the sanitary and other arrangements of the town, the present place is but a shadow of its former greatness.

IV

THE PORTUGUESE PERIOD

GOA

THE CAPITAL OF PORTUGUESE INDIA

THERE are few places in the world where can be seen such a striking effect of the changes produced by moral and other causes, as stand before the visitor to the old ruins of Goa, the capital of the Portuguese Empire in India. Here for many years flourished this great European power in the height of its glory. Imagination is of the greatest assistance in visiting the memorials of the past; for without it it is difficult to realize the full significance of the remnants left behind. In Goa, as one surveys the wonderful structures still intact, and the extensive ruins found all over the district, one instinctively feels that here great men once lived, that extensive commerce was carried on, that religion was organized on a great scale. To-day, Goa is a dead city, very few people being found in this once richly populated land. Here and there one comes across Roman Catholic priests who seem compelled to show their loyalty to their Church by a devotion to these sacred buildings which once were so highly honoured by that Church. Surveying the widespread ruins, the grass covered streets, the wild jungle which has frequently almost blotted out the roads, the fact that it is deserted and belongs only to the past, is deeply impressed on the mind. Old Goa to-day is not without its impressive features, but how insignificant compared with the days when the town was the abode of hundreds of wealthy princes, the centre of the Christian Church in the East, the Indian capital of one of the most powerful kingdoms in the West, a city able to hold its own with honour before even the most powerful rulers in the Deccan.

Though Goa has a history dating much further back than that of the Portuguese occupation, the real interest of the city dates from that time. Albuquerque, the great sailor and administrator, captured Goa after heavy fighting. He was the

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leader of an expedition of twenty ships and 1,200 men which in A.D. 1510 attacked and carried by storm the small Muhammadan town, the city being given over to plunder for three days, and the Muhammadan inhabitants murdered in cold blood. Both in its immediate and ultimate results this conquest was one of the greatest of the achievements of Albuquerque. Though he was not left in undisputed possession he succeeded, by the skilful organization of his defences, in laying the foundations of the first Christian colony in the Indies. The conquest of Goa had a great effect upon all the sovereigns on the western side of India who hastened to make an alliance with the Portuguese commander. Within fifty or sixty years it became the wealthiest city in India, and had a population of nearly a quarter of a million people, and a territory of more than a thousand square miles. As soon as the Government was settled in power new buildings and institutions sprang up in a comparatively short time.

It was soon evident that this Christian capital would compare favourably with some of the finest towns in Europe. The hills were crowned with elegant structures and lower down were to be seen magnificent palaces, convents and churches, towering one above another. A traveller named Pyard tells us in his *Memoirs* that it would be an almost impossible task to describe minutely the numerous streets, squares, churches, convents, palaces and other buildings, both public and private, which were worth noticing in Goa. The number of churches and convents in the city and its suburbs was at least fifty. Another traveller, Pietre della Valle, writes: 'The whole of this land is thickly covered with villas and pleasure walks, and the banks of the rivers particularly are studded with houses and other buildings, embosomed in delicious gardens and palm groves.' Sad and pitiable though the present condition of the city is, one can, by the exercise of the imagination, conjure to the mind, something of its former glory.

The Portuguese managed to make their position secure by the wise actions of the Governors placed in control. The Viceroy held his court in a style next to the King of Portugal himself, and usually returned to Europe with a large fortune.

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The Archbishop, next in rank to the Viceroy, lived in an imposing palace, while the functionaries of the High Court and those of the Inquisition resided in fine mansions. 'As for the multitude of people,' says one of these old enthusiastic travellers, 'it is a marvel to see the number which go and come every day by sea and land on business of every kind. The princes of India who are on terms of peace and friendship with the Portuguese have almost all of them their ordinary ambassador there, and often send extraordinary embassies to treat for peace. And as to the merchants continually going and coming from different parts of the East, one would say that a fair was being held every day for the sale of all sorts of merchandise, and even those princes who were not at peace with the Portuguese do not fail to send their goods and merchandise to Goa through the merchants who are on friendly terms with them.'

The whole life of the city was full of gaiety, and with the development of its wealth, the nobility and gentry became more and more extravagant. The wealthy not only had mansions in the city but also villas in the suburbs where they resided occasionally with their families, amid orchards and groves, bowers and grottoes, walks beautifully laid out and fountains playing fantastically. Here, we are told, they gave themselves up to mirth and pleasure, whiling away the time in gossiping, sporting, or playing, reclining on sofas or lolling in chairs, attended by slaves who ministered to their comfort and convenience, some fanning them, others entertaining them with the dulcet sounds of music.

The decay of the city was due, to a very large extent, to the life of luxury and vice which became prevalent among all classes in the city. We have many pictures of the exaggerated life lived by the plutocrats of those days. 'The rich made an ostentatious display of their wealth when they stirred abroad. They are borne in palanquins or ride on horseback, attended by a large number of lackeys in gay and fanciful liveries, some holding large umbrellas over them, others bearing arms, and some carrying cloaks, gilt chairs and soft cushions, when they went to church. The same pomp attended them when they happened to pass through the streets on foot.' The

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example of the rich was followed by those of slenderer means, and in order to make the most imposing appearance in public they had to resort to various makeshifts. Those who lived together had a few silk suits in common. These they used in turns when they went out, and hired the services of a man to hold an umbrella over them as they strutted through the streets. 'In fact,' says Lincschoten, 'they walked with such proud gait and with such an affected air of importance that one might be led to take them for gentlemen with ten thousand pounds a year.'

Seldom has a more pathetic picture been painted of the deterioration of a people than that of the French traveller, Jean Baptiste Tavernier, who visited Goa in the middle of the seventeenth century: 'Before the Hollanders had brought down the power of the Portugals in India there was nothing to be seen at Goa, but magnificence and riches; but the Dutch having everywhere got their trade out of their hands, they have lost their springs of gold and silver. In my first voyage to Goa I met with people of fashion that had above two thousand crowns revenue; at my second voyage the same persons came privately to me in the evening, to beg an alms; yet abating nothing, for all that of their inherent pride and haughtiness; nay their women will come in *Pallekis* (palanquins) to the door, and stay while a boy that attends them has brought you a compliment from his mistress. Then usually you send them what you please. Moreover, if you go yourself to present them your charity, they will give you a little note, containing a recommendation of some religious person, who signifies what substantial persons they have been, and how they came to fall into decay. Sometimes, if the person be handsome, she is desired to walk in; and to take a collation which lasts most commonly till the next day. Had not the Portugals so many fortresses to keep upon the land; or had they not out of their contempt of the Hollander neglected their affairs, they could never have been reduced to so low a condition.'

Mention should be made of the first Englishmen who visited Goa. Stevens, a Jesuit, who took up his residence in the Portuguese settlement, was the first Englishman, of whom we

have any record, to visit India. He was joined in Goa by three other Englishmen, Fitch, Newberrie, and Leedes who had gone on an expedition to India and the East with the view to studying the conditions of trade, and who were unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the Portuguese. Fitch was a man of good education and possessed the power of clear concise description which is clearly evident in the account he afterwards wrote. Newberrie was an experienced traveller and Leedes a clever tradesman. 'For cool and deliberate daring the journey of Fitch and his fellow-travellers hardly finds a parallel even in Elizabethan history; its ultimate results will be found in a modern map of India.' Fitch describes Goa as 'a fine citie, and for an Indian towne very faire. The Iland is very faire, full of orchards and gardens, and many palmer trees, and hath some villages. Here bee many merchants of all nations.' The Englishmen quickly roused opposition and by order of the Viceroy they were put into prison, charged with being spies. Though nothing could be proved against them they were kept in prison for a considerable time, until securities were forthcoming. Fearing, however, that they would meet with further injustice, they determined to escape. 'We went two dayes on foote not without feare, not knowing the way not hauing any guide, for we durst trust no one.' The English Jesuit, Stevens, proved a good friend to these adventurous merchants.

Reference should be made to an interesting aspect of the policy of Albuquerque, the first Governor, for it is unique in the history of Europeans in India. He determined to create a race of half-caste Portuguese, for he had no horror of mixed marriages and no dislike of half-castes, as is usual among Europeans. He tried to induce as many as possible of the Portuguese men to marry Indian women, especially the widows of the Muhammadans he had killed. He presided at the marriages himself and gave handsome gifts to the couples who contracted these marriages. His aim was to form a population which should be at once loyal to Portugal and yet willing to remain in India for life. It is also said that he granted this favour 'in order that when the Hindus observed what he did for their daughters and nieces and

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sisters they might with better willingness turn Christians.' The scheme was not approved by all the other Portuguese officials, but it appears to have appealed to many for to-day there is a large community of these half-castes in Western India.

Partly the luxury and laziness of the people, and partly the insanitary condition of the city were responsible for the quick deterioration that set in. The authorities acknowledged the uncleanness, for in one of his orders the Viceroy, after a short lecture on the filthiness of the city, urged them to appoint an Inspector of Cleanliness. He pointed out that the disease and sickness which prevailed was due to the refuse which the residents allowed their servants to throw out of the windows and 'which they without fear leave in the lanes and public roads.' One epidemic after another broke out and carried off large numbers of the inhabitants. Then followed the attacks by the Dutch forces by sea which resulted in the ruin of the city. As we follow the accounts given by the old travellers in the seventeenth century we note the steady deterioration that was ultimately to make a jungle of this once fair city. The population gradually diminished until, by the end of the seventeenth century there were only members of the clergy and the functionaries of the State remaining. The people were reduced to such a degree of destitution that they were obliged, in most cases, to part with their household furniture in order to provide themselves with the bare necessities of life, while many of the best-known Portuguese families supported themselves by begging. The Portuguese Government made several attempts to resuscitate the city, but it was useless. The city was doomed. Thousands of pounds were wasted in trying to repair the fallen structures, and stern laws were passed forbidding the people to allow their houses to fall into ruin. Desolation and misery meet the eye on every side, and there can be little hope of any restoration of the famous capital of this Roman Catholic kingdom in India.

One historic event must be mentioned. In 1759 when the Governor, followed by many nobles of rank and influence, changed his residence to Panjim, a few miles away, the

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Government of Portugal passed an order expelling all the Jesuits from Goa. This was the final death-blow to the city. Fifteen years later we are told by one writer that there were less than a thousand Christians in that wonderful city. 'With the suppression of the religious orders, and the fall of the convents, the last spark of life in the city became almost extinct. The proud capital of the Portuguese Eastern Empire was humbled to the dust. It was reduced to a heap of ruins, and turned into a wilderness, infested by snakes and reptiles. The spot hallowed by the fame of Albuquerque and St. Francis Xavier, which had witnessed so many triumphs of the sword and the Gospel, which had absorbed the wealth and commerce of the East, and had attained an almost classic name, now presented a piteous spectacle of widespread dissolution and decay. The spacious squares and piers along the riverside, so full of life and activity, the crowded bazaars stocked with the various products of different climes and regions, the public thoroughfare thronged with men of every race and creed, the noble edifices both public and private, religious and secular, rivalling in grandeur and beauty some of the best structures in Europe—the palaces and churches and convents with their lofty spires and turrets, these and other distinguishing features of a great and flourishing city were gradually swept away till at length they have been almost completely obliterated.'

What is left of that former glory? Those evidences that remain are few, but full of interest. The most important of these buildings is that known as the Church of Bom Jesus in which is to be seen the shrine of St. Francis Xavier. It was consecrated in 1605. Over the south door is a picture of Xavier. The face is of a rather vigorous and handsome man taken at the time he left Europe, at the age of forty-one. Inside the building is the tomb of the saint, and the centre of attraction for the thousands of pilgrims who come annually to Goa. It is divided into three long oblong compartments, the last of which supports the silver coffin that holds the body. On the plinth and on the coffin itself there are a number of pictures setting forth various incidents in the life of Xavier. Considering the length of time the body has been embalmed

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it is well preserved, though in recent years the authorities have been concerned with the signs of dissolution. It has shrunk in size to four and a half feet; the fourth and fifth toes are wanting, having been bitten off by Isabel de Caron who wanted them as relics. In 1614 the Pope ordered an arm to be amputated and sent to Rome. For many years it has been the practice to exhibit the body and on these occasions the Church authorities have greatly benefited financially by the rich gifts brought by worshippers from all parts of Roman Catholic India. The coffin is locked by three keys, one in the keeping of the Viceroy, one with the Archbishop and another with a high official. To many this famous shrine possesses the power of healing, and near the tomb are to be seen offerings from people who claim to have been cured of diseases. One of these is a silver leg, presented by Maria Antonia Francesca Xavier da Costa Campos whose leg was cured and straightened on December 26, 1859. The large sums collected on the festival days from the pilgrims make it possible for the authorities to keep this church in a reasonable state of repair.

The best preserved of the buildings in Goa is the Church of St Cajetan which was built in 1665 by the Friars of the Theatines. It has two low towers and in the centre of the church is a cupola. The façade is of red laterite covered with whitewash. The church contains a number of portraits of Portuguese Viceroys and large pictures of the Baptism of Christ, the Descent from the Cross, and the death of St Theresa.

The great Cathedral is near by, a most imposing structure and connected with some of the most thrilling events of Goan history, and known as the Church of St Catherine. It is believed to have been begun in 1611 and completed some twenty years later. It is a massive building and ranks next in importance to that of the Church of Bom Jesus. It measures 270 feet long and 140 feet wide. The style is described as Tusco-Doric externally, and internally as Mosaic Corinthian. Travellers to Goa were deeply impressed by the Cathedral. Dr Fryer, one of these visitors toward the end of the seventeenth century, says that it is hardly surpassed by a church in Great

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Britain; Dr Buchanan writes in 1808 that it is worthy of one of the principal cities of Europe. The tower overlooks the whole city, and here are to be seen five bells; it was the great one of these that used to be tolled on the occasions of the *auto da fé*.

Not far away was the Palace of the Inquisition, the walls of which were five feet thick, and the windows so high that it was impossible for prisoners to look out from them. In this building the fate of a large number of heretics was decided; after condemnation they were led in procession to the open ground in front of the Cathedral where they were consigned to the flames. There is always a tendency to exaggerate the number of victims of such a cruel process as the Inquisition, but the records make it clear that over a hundred men and nearly twenty women met their death in this way, while large numbers died in the dark dungeons of the palace. According to a tradition current among the inhabitants of Goa, every individual charged with witchcraft, or any offence against the Roman Catholic religion, was placed before a huge crucifix in the chapel, when all of a sudden a thrill appeared to pass through the prisoner's body; he trembled from head to foot, and at last dropped senseless on the ground, incapable of fixing his eyes on it any more. The Inquisitors sat at the long table in the centre of the Hall and from here passed judgement on those deemed guilty of an offence. It is an aspect of the history of Goa that no one can dwell upon with pride. The Inquisition was publicly abolished on February 10, 1774, re-established under Dona Maria in 1779, and finally abolished in 1812.

The Viceroy's Gateway is an interesting reminder of the days when the great leaders of the Portuguese Eastern Empire used to arrive by boat and make their way through this arch into the city. It was built in 1550 with the object of perpetuating the name of Vasco de Gama. There is a figure of the famous explorer in a sailor's hat with the brim turned up. He is wearing a large fur coat, trunk hose and black boots.

Scattered over the wild waste are many other buildings, most of which, however, are in a sad state of dilapidation.

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Only a brief reference is possible to these. The Archbishop's Palace, 230 feet long and 108 feet wide, must have been a handsome building, for one traveller who saw it in 1695 describes it as a place of great beauty; the convent and church St Francis d'Assisi was dedicated to this saint in 1603 and has, in its cloisters, a series of pictures depicting the saint's life, though these are so much damaged as to be almost undecipherable in some cases. This church was closed in 1835. There is one spot which has to be visited by all the pilgrims if they would obtain the greatest benefit from their sojourn in Goa. Not far from the Arch of the Viceroys, above referred to, there is a well where Xavier is said to have performed his ablutions. There is a double reflection of light in the water and by many this is looked upon as evidence of something specially miraculous in the well. However insignificant this well may appear to be, next to a visit to Xavier's tomb and coffin, there is no part of Goa which is looked upon with so much veneration.

In Goa the Portuguese, then one of the mightiest powers in Europe, attempted to build a Christian city which would compare favourably with the great cities of the Mughals. No money was spared in the attempt. To-day it stands as one of the greatest tragedies among the ruined cities of the world. It was not by the hand of an invader that its destruction was wrought; but it was the result of a neglect of the moral and social laws that must form the basis of every community. Her religious policy aroused ceaseless hostility among the surrounding people, for she persecuted those who refused to accept the faith she offered them at the point of the sword. 'The Portuguese, blending the peninsular attributes of bigotry and a belated chivalry, had neither forgotten the Crusades nor remembered how completely unsuccessful those romantic endeavours had ultimately been. With a tenacity worthy of respect, they blended a deplorable hardness of heart and a fatuous desire to make the natives conform to their beliefs, which was no better than ludicrous. Devotion to a high aim was, indeed, not wanting; and the proselytizing fervour bore fruit in monuments of sumptuous splendour, some of which are still to be seen erect among the palm groves and jungles

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of Velha Goa.' The seeds of death had been sown. To-day Goa is a dead city, her streets are empty, and her sacred buildings no longer serve as places of worship; her gardens are transformed into jungles. Her glory was short-lived; little more than a century. But during that period Goa was one of the most splendid cities on the face of the earth.

BASSEIN

NORTHERN CAPITAL OF PORTUGUESE INDIA

BAHADUR SHAH, the Gujerat ruler, was anxious to make an alliance with the Portuguese in order to obtain their assistance against the Emperor Humayon, who was pressing his claim for control of the Gujerat territory. Bahadur Shah granted the island of Bassein, which is some twenty-eight miles north of Bombay, to the Portuguese commander in 1534. Under Albuquerque it rapidly developed into an important city, almost rivalling Goa in splendour and wealth. Dr Hunter says: 'For more than two hundred years Bassein remained in the hands of the Portuguese, and during this time it rose to such prosperity that the city came to be called the Court of the North, and its nobles were proverbial for their wealth and magnificence. With plentiful supplies of both timber and stone Bassein was adorned by many noble buildings, including a cathedral, five convents, thirteen churches, and an asylum for orphans. The dwellings of the *Hidalgos* or aristocracy, who alone were allowed to live within the city walls, are described as stately buildings.' Dr Fryer, a visitor to the city in the time of its grandeur, described the place as he saw it in 1675. 'Here are stately buildings graced with covered balconies and large windows, two storeys high, and panes of oyster shell, which is the usual glazing among them in India, or else latticed.'

The fort was well built as can be seen from the existing walls which are 32 feet high in some places. But on every hand are evidences of the destruction which has been wrought on this city since it was taken from the Portuguese. The ruined cathedral of St. Joseph is reached through a thick jungle of apple trees, mangoes &c. The building is but a shell, for the roof has been removed. It has a tower sixty feet high. The cathedral and other churches were built by the Roman Catholic missionaries in the fifteenth and sixteenth

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centuries. Worthy of note is the Church of St Antonio, the oldest and largest in Bassein, dating from the time when the Jesuit priests were in the height of their power and influence in Portuguese India. Churches and convents were built by the members of the St Franciscan order but all are to-day in a state of utter decay.

It is probable that the same forces were at work in Bassein as caused the deterioration of the people of Goa, and that her complete destruction at the hands of the Mahrattas was made the more easy through her luxurious habits. In the February of 1765 Peishwa Baji Rao I invested Bassein, and within three months the city was in his hands. But it has to be said of the Portuguese that they showed something of their old fighting prowess in their gallant attempt to defend their city. They put up a desperate resistance and their commandant, Silveira de Mineyes lost his life, and 800 of the garrison were killed and wounded. But the loss on the Mahratta side was much greater, no less than 5,000 casualties being suffered by them. The Mahrattas praised the manner in which the Portuguese had exercised the highest courage and skill in resisting the siege. To such a noble foe they were ready to make reasonable terms of capitulation. All the garrison were allowed a free passage out of the town 'with their arms in order, drums beating and colours flying, also four pieces of cannon and two mortars.'

The Mahrattas were anxious to retain the Christian population and it was expressly laid down in the treaty that 'the Christians who remain voluntarily in the place shall enjoy the liberty of worshipping God in the faith they profess.' Some help was forthcoming from the British but hardly commensurate with the needs of the destitute and wandering garrison. Provision was made for some to live in Bombay, but soon these determined to press on to Goa. Only a remnant reached that city as they were attacked on the way and lost many men. The day of the Portuguese was over not only in Bassein but also as a great power in the East. In 1780 Bassein passed into the hands of the British but it remains a deserted city, the grave of Portuguese ambitions in the East.

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The capture of Bassein by the Mahrattas was followed by the rapid diminution of Portuguese power in India. Though she retained possession of Goa, Daman and Diu she made no pretence of defending them against the British Empire in India which rapidly extended its influence over the whole peninsula. These small places, the only reminders of the great Empire once ruled by the Portuguese, have been retained, not for any benefits they may derive from them, but as relics of her past glory. In 1878 they signed a treaty with the British, by which the right of making salt and the customs duties were ceded to the British for a yearly payment of four lakhs of rupees. With the proceeds a railway was built connecting Marmagao, a port near to Old Goa, with British India. An interesting reminder of her past power is her claim to nominate the Roman Catholic prelates throughout India.

Two descriptions, one by a Muhammadan writer and one by a Hindu, written in the sixteenth century, help us to understand why the Portuguese failed to secure a firm foothold in the country, and rapidly lost the power they once possessed. The first writer, named Sheik Zin-ud-din, speaks of their tyrannical and injurious usage that led to a general confusion and distraction among the population of the country. 'Sorely did these Franks oppress the faithful, striving all of them, the great and powerful, the old and young, to eradicate the Muhammadan religion; and to bring over its followers to Christianity (may God ever defend us from such a calamity). Notwithstanding all this, however, they preserved an outward show of peace toward the Muhammadans, in consequence of their being compelled to dwell amongst them. . . . Lastly, it is worthy of remark that the Franks entertain antipathy and hatred only toward the Muhammadans, and to their creed alone; evincing no dislike toward the Nairs and other Pagans of similar description.'

The Hindu writer, Venkatcharya of Conjeevaram, while paying a tribute to their mechanical skill and respect for the law, says: 'They are very despicable, are devoid of tenderness, and do not value the Brahmans a straw; they have endless faults and do not observe ceremonial purity.'

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While not denying to men of the type of Albuquerque high aims and disinterested unselfishness in their plans for the development of a Christian empire in India, the ruin that befell all their efforts to build great and splendid cities was clearly the outcome of the failure of the people, as a whole, to maintain the high standard of Christian government and life. The glory of a city may depart, not merely because of external enemies but by the moral decay in the people themselves.



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